

the Innis Herald

PaRTi GrAs 2001: An Innisiation

MARYAM YEGANEHI

It's been only one month since we, freshmen, are welcomed as the new faces of Innis College, yet it feels like it's been years ago since we started this new phase of our lives. Frosh week...one of the most exciting events of the whole university experience that many freshmen were looking forward to and I'm sure that its memories is and will be with us as long as the university life goes on.

It all started on a warm and sunny Tuesday morning when Innis College frosh all gathered in a friendly environment over at Innis Town Hall. They were first introduced to all the staff of the Innis College, frosh coordinators and all the facilities that are available in college to them through the whole year. After the speeches, all the frosh proceeded to the back lawn for the BBQ and that was where the fun started. For the next six days Innis frosh had a chance to tour around U of T and explore downtown Toronto. Several events from cruising through the islands and visiting the Sega City Playdium to watching Jay's vs. Yankees game and clubbing in pubs were held by the dedication of our frosh coordinators. On the Thursday night a special event was held by frosh leaders over at Innis Town Hall. Costume was mandatory and you could see different colors and funky styles between frosh. On Friday morning thousands of U of T students marched down the streets of downtown Toronto while cheering for their colleges. They all came in different clothing and colors to show support for their groups. The level of noise and screaming was so high among these twelve thousands students that one could barely distinguish what they were cheering for or against. All the neighbour office employers and shoppers were amazed by the huge parade and drivers were encouraged to touch their horns as they were passing U of T students. Innis frosh's white T-shirts reflected a special unity among them. With their flags in hand, they tried to cheer and scream as loud as possible to contribute to the overall noise level and forgot the



fact that they were the members of the smallest college. Cheers such as "I-N-N-I-S, Innis Innis is the best" were heard among the Innis frosh. The street parade ended with the speech of the U of T's president and followed by a street festival that was held by many clubs and associations affiliated with U of T. The last weekend of our summer was spent in the beautiful Hart House Funk Pad. This was one of the most exciting events of the frosh week. Innis frosh spent time making bonfire, playing soccer, swimming or just relaxing. But finally on Sunday morning, buses headed back to Innis and it was all over, the whole frosh week was over and classes started on the following Monday.

It was short, but we all have to admit that it was the most exciting experience so far and it will be remembered later as one of the greatest experiences of our university

life. Definitely it was the best opportunity to meet people and find friends to socialize with and it also gave us a chance to relax and get ready for the heavy work load of school. Many thanks to our frosh week coordinators, frosh leaders and the staff of the Innis College who with their dedication made the frosh week an ever-lasting memory for us.

So if you ever felt overloaded in the crunch time of school, just look back on the memories of the frosh week. It is all you need to start your day with a smile!

SECTIONS

innis	2
ensu	3
arts & lit	4
film	8
entertainment	15
opinion	18



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DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE:
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Editor in chief
JANEL YU

Arts
JAIME WOO

Entertainment
JARED BLAND

Film
BENJAMIN WRIGHT

Opinion
STEVEN JUNG

Graphics and Layout
DEVI PANDYA
VIVIANA YI

Contributors
CHRIS BONE
CRYSTAL CHAN
M.M. CHAMPAGNE
CHRISTINE DAVIES
DANIEL DEES
AARON FORSTER
BARI GOODIS
TYLER GREENBERG
ED HALDORSEN
NINA HAIKARA
SARAH HUBMANN
CHRISTINE HWANG
RYAN JACOBSON
AHREUM HAN
MASAKO IKEGAMI
COREY KATZ
MIRIAM KRAJEN
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REBECCA SPRING
JACOB TIERNEY
PETER TOCCALINO
U OF T AFGAN STUDENTS ASSOCIATION
JENNIFER VELLA
MARYAM YEGANEHI

Mysterious Bus Trip

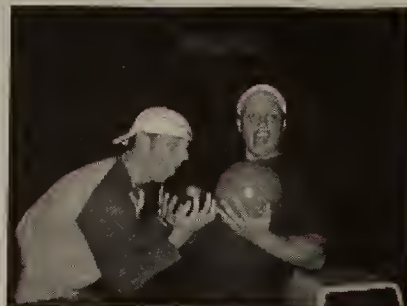
More memorable than mysterious.

CHRISTINE HWANG

When asked, "How should we dress for tonight?", the frosh leaders replied, "Wear socks!" After having heard that we needed "socks", the mystery bus trip wasn't so mysterious at all...

One of the most memorable frosh events was, without a doubt, the mystery bus ride with the entire Innis crowd. How could anyone forget about riding four people to a seat? With nearly 300 people jammed into 3 school buses, Innis rode off into a night of cosmic bowling!

It was a night to remember. Why? The music was hype, everyone was enjoying the nonstop bowling, new friends were made, and so were new memories. Because of these kinds of events, I think that the transition from high school - when you knew everyone in your entire school - to university - where you are just a number - was not as hard as it was anticipated to be. The awkward anxiety of finding a "new crowd"; the feeling of never being able to have fun with people you just met can all be kissed away. Do you know the saying, "Everyone is in the same boat?" Well, it's true. I never believed it until I came to uni-



versity and experienced reality for the very first time.

Thanks to the many events organized by the ICSS/IRC, it is clear that the first years are having the time of their lives! Not to mention, the social committee, which I am taking apart of to promote Innis events. Be sure to come out to the Halloween Pub Night, which is coming up at the end of this month! Otherwise, you will miss out on a good time. A good memory or two.

Innis Invades the Gouvernement

MASAKO IKEGAMI

Pumped up and ready to boogie down, Innis residents and their guests filled two school buses headed for the Gouvernement on Friday, September 28th. The buzz of the crowd in the bus ride was reminiscent of a field trip to the local zoo in elementary school, except our destination had animals of a different kind.

Once inside the club, an unofficial Innis mob formed near the entrance of the dance floor. While some students enjoyed their drinks on the platform bar, others danced the night away. The advantage of this event was seeing familiar faces and meeting new residents in a different environment from our usual residential setting.

In the words of an experienced clubber: "This trip was the best two bucks I've ever spent for a club. Line bypass, transportation, and no cover charge!". Through the efforts of the head of the social committee, John Yeung, this trip successfully delivered a safe and fun clubbing experience.

INTERESTED IN PLAYING INTRAMURAL SPORTS?

You still have time to sign up for any of the following teams:

Basketball (Women)
Tennis (Mens, Women, Coed)
Badminton (Mens, Women)
Lacrosse (Mens, Women)
Broomball (Coed)
Innertube Water Polo (Coed)
Volleyball (Mens, Womens)

The deadline to join these teams is quickly approaching! If you're interested in Women's Basketball or Women's Volleyball, email icssweb@hotmail.com. For any other questions or requests, email ed.haldorsen@utoronto.ca or see Ed in res in 539C.

Strengthening U of T's Environmental Community

CHRIS BONE

Any student who has sat in Convocation Hall during BIO 150 will tell you that this university is massive. You will most likely here the same from a student walking from their class in Sidney Smith across Queens Park to St. Michael's College. Even the look on the face of first year students as they roam around amidst the thousands of students will clearly state how they would describe U of T: big.

It is no wonder that in such a large university students have a difficult time finding a community that they want to embrace. There are an incredible amount of student groups, organizations, and events that take place every day on campus that students are unaware of mainly due to the fact that students haven't heard about them. As student groups and other organizations each year try new ways of advertising their events as well as luring in new members, a more effective approach is sought to provide students with the information they need to get involved. This new approach is what the University of Toronto's Environmental Resource Network (UTERN) is using to bring the environmental community at the university closer together.

For several years, various environmental oriented groups on campus have existed in their own space on campus and pro-

vided their members with events and seminars of interest. Students who were fortunate enough to hear about the events in class or see a poster would know where to go to get involved. Those who weren't as fortunate were left in the dark. Having a central core for environmental groups provides students with a place to go to search for what it is that interests them. Not only to know what is going on in their program or explicit field, but to find out about all events pertaining to environmental issues across the campus.

Another problem exists for the groups themselves. Whether it is holding an environmental seminar, a social event, or simply just a meeting where new members are always welcomed, it always seems to be a struggle to get students to show. Lack of interest from students is not in the groups' power to change instantaneously, but finding a more effective way of communicating to them is.

UTERN, the most recent network to hit the St. George campus, has been created to solve these precise problems. UTERN is a network of environmentally oriented student groups, organizations, and programs that are connected through a listserv to provide effective communication and distribution of information to each other and the students at the university. Students can join the listserv and find out everything they want to know about environ-

mental groups and events on campus. There are links to all the groups so students themselves can become involved in their group of interest or simply find out more about them. There are also links to a vast amount of resources pertaining to environmental studies. The list includes undergraduate student groups such as the Environmental Students' Union (ENSU); graduate groups such as the Graduate Environmental Students' Association (GESA); policy groups such as the Environmental Policy Advisory Committee (EPAC), as well as several programs in the environmental field. Students, as well as any other individuals in the community, have access to all this from one website.

The network is also open for any environmentally oriented organization to join. By joining they have their group posted on the UTERN web site and automatically can join the UTERN listserv and post their events for all others to see. Groups can find out about other similar groups on campus and collaborate their ideas and share information. All groups involved will undoubtedly see an increase in the interest for their cause.

UTERN is taking a simple approach to bring the environmental community closer together, and it is an approach that works. Other networks have been created, such as the *Social Justice Network at Hart House*, and have proven to be successful

in terms of their groups attracting new members as well as providing a core for students with particular interests to visit. On Wednesday, November 14, UTERN with all its members will be holding UTERN Day. This is an opportunity for members of the community to become familiar and acquainted with the various environmentally oriented organizations, including the programs and the courses they offer. The event will take place from 11:00 am to 2:00 pm in the Debates Room in Hart House. There will also be volunteer organizations from outside the campus and demonstrations such as composting taking place. All this information and more can be found at <http://utern.sa.utoronto.ca>. By visiting the site, users can sign on to the listserv and groups can join the network.

It is vitally important that communities on campus begin and continue to pull together to provide students with opportunities and information of their choice. Much of the onus is usually placed on students to get out there and to become involved, unfortunately with such large grounds to cover, students often find this task quite strenuous. UTERN, and other networks that are bringing organizations together to help tighten their communities, are there to simply give students a hand.

Mindwalk

Based on Fritjof Capra's bestseller, *The Turning Point*, MindWalk is a beautiful cinematic exploration of the many issues that we face today. Set on the Abbey of Mont Saint Michel, a physicist (Liv Ullmann), U.S. presidential candidate (Sam Waterston) and poet (John Heard) engage in an easy to follow, although intellectual, dialogue sure to stretch your mind. What is the conclusion? The dynamics underlying the major problems of our time are all the same. "Our conception of the world has not kept pace with the explosive development of our technology and the rapid transformation of the surface of the Earth." What we suffer from is a crisis of perception. What we need is a new vision of the world, one that allows the forces transforming our world to flow together as a positive movement for social change.

"A mind gripping dialogue that opens minds..."

"An outstanding view of the core of our world's issues."

"An amazing and wonderful film, food for the brain AND heart"

"Can be seen 25 times and it isn't enough!"

"Superb commentary on Systems Thinking"

"Good explanation of our modern day mind set"

Story Line

Against the medireview island of France's Mont Saint Michel, a philosophical dialogue is being played out over the course of an Autumn afternoon. Three individuals caught in this moment at their own crossroads, confront the turning point of the planet's future as they examine it's past.

A scientist, politician, and poet discuss the age of technology, modern science and the capacity of man to address the perils of the present by a shift in patterns of thought. This new world view allows for ecological, global-community perception to match our expanded science and reality. The value system is based on partnership and cooperation rather than domination and competition.

Throughout discussions embracing a wide-ranging tapestry of issues, problems and values, the three wrestle with insights into the interconnectedness of science, nature

and man. Charles Darwin, Beethoven, the Civil Rights Movement, Alice in Wonderland, Pythagoras, the Industrial Revolution, and Gorbachev all find their place in the dialogue.

"MindWalk" is the cinematic statement of an emerging new vision, hopeful and compassionate, which reflects the fundamental connection among all things. It is only through the formation of a new paradigm, the film explains, can the escalating crisis of the planet be challenged.

From the collection of The Film

Reference Library, Toronto. Reproduced by permission of the Uptown Group.

The Environmental Students' Union (ENSU) extends an invitation to all passionate thinkers. Please join us in screening MINDWALK on Wednesday, October 17, 2001 at 8:00pm in Innis Town Hall.

have something to say?
write us.

innisherald@yahoo.com

deadline for next issue
november 3

Walk On

JAIME WOO

It is always odd to know that in most publications, unless your name is plastered on it ie. Oprah, Rosie, that once you're gone, it goes on and will continue to go on, growing and evolving. Any contributor is but a part of the process and like love, there is a good period and then there are inevitable bad periods. For the Innis Herald, it is time for fresh ideas and a new outlook, which includes fresh blood. And so, this is the last issue that I look over as Arts & Lit editor, selfishly awaiting to see which person will take over the reins and guide the Herald to greater reaches. In separating, I believe the Herald and myself can only become stronger. There is something powerful about separation: it forces us to leave the comfort of what we know and venture into the darkness looking for treasure. Enjoy this issue's assortment of poems, reflections, and expressions of the creative soul. They include an interesting reflection on the WTC tragedy from the view of an American trying to draw strength in the entertainment that is at once irrelevant, yet also vital. As for me, I am writing online for www.myfw.com under the Urban Focus section. Check me out there and take a seat on the grass beside me, as we watch the Herald go off into the distance.



Ahreum Han

Position Available: Editor of Arts & Lit

The position of editor of the arts & lit section has become available. Anyone who is interested in becoming the section editor should submit their resume detailing any relevant experience via email to innisherald@yahoo.com.

Deadline for application:
October 31, 2001

The Column of Tomorrow

Superman is here

ARUNE SINGH

"Dreams save us. Dreams lift us up and transform us. And on my soul I swear until my dream of a world where dignity, honor and justice becomes the reality we all share...I'll never stop fighting. Ever."

Anyone reading this is quite aware of the tragic events in New York City this past Tuesday. No words I utter can ever hope to describe how it felt to see these events live, albeit via television, and I cannot begin to imagine how it feels for those at ground zero or those who lost loved ones. As bad as I feel about this attack against my country, I know that the people who lost loved ones or had to be directly confronted by this horror (literally) are experiencing an indescribable pain. While America and the world sit stunned by the coordination and efficiency of these terrorist attacks, we must not forget that those directly affected by this nightmare will be haunted forever. While some of us can turn off the television with the hope of somehow blocking these images out of our minds, some may never be able to close their eyes without seeing these very images.

This isn't fiction. This isn't a movie or a comic book. Superman won't be coming to save us.

Or has he?

I've always seen Superman as a metaphor for the power of the human spirit and soul. His extraordinary powers always struck me as some kind of metaphor to show what one can do when they approach something with a pure heart and determination. He isn't super because of his alien origins or his powers: it is his unyielding purity of heart and devotion to good that make him special. But Superman isn't any better than human beings: he is just representative of a human who has embraced his own capacity to do good and be good. In that respect one can reasonably conclude that there is a Superman inside all of us. There is a shining beacon of light in all of us that cannot be defeated by any Kryptonite. If you didn't believe it before, the sheer altruism and goodness displayed after Tuesday's vicious attack is proof of our capacity to do good and to be good.

We've seen men and women, who've never known each other before, banding together simply because it is the right thing to do. We've seen total strangers risk their lives to save other strangers for the simple reason that all life is sacred. We've seen a nation united in order to help each other regardless of race, religion or beliefs. We've seen people put aside their anger to focus energy on peace and rebuilding. What more must people do before we realize that Superman lives inside all of us?

Perhaps the greatest ideals to carry in our hearts and to seek to epitomize come from Superman him-

self. When confronted by the worst humanity has to offer, in the recent Action Comics #775, Superman was able to triumph and say this:

"Dreams save us. Dreams lift us up and transform us. And on my soul I swear until my dream of a world where dignity, honor and justice becomes the reality we all share...I'll never stop fighting. Ever."

And in our hearts, we must do the same. We have the power to change the world simply by being and the fact that we are alive today only reinforces the duty we have to do good in this world.

Not all of us will pull the triggers to defend our country.

Not all of us will rush into burning buildings or tend to the wounds.

But all of us can do one thing: remember that the Superman living inside each of us is more than apparent when we look at how much good each us can do to turn this tragedy into a victory for the free world.

Do not give into hate. Do not give into mindless vengeance.

Embrace the opportunity to change the world simply by giving all you can in light of the cowardly attempts to break our spirits. Show these terrorists that while they show us the ugliness that they have to offer, we will respond with the best that humanity has to offer. They cannot win unless we compromise who we are. They cannot win unless we sacrifice our dreams.

Our capacity to do good and to be good is far stronger than the hate of organized cowards.

Hopefully we've also all learned one of the most profound truths in life: all human life is precious regardless of any superficial differences. While it is unfortunate that such tragedy is what brings us together, one can hope that we all take a second to look around us and see how great we all are. We're not asking people what religious beliefs they subscribe to or differentiating by gender, age and race. We're helping people without a second thought. Let us hope that the sight of so many different people working together shows everyone that in the end, it is our hearts that unite us and it is this unity that gives us strength.

And so when you ask "What would Superman do?" just look inside your heart and you'll find that he would do the same as us.

God bless everyone.

Arune Singh, 20, is a freelance writer for <http://scifi.ign.com> and proud to be an American. Reprinted with permission.

The Twisted World of Perspectivism

PETER TOCCALINO

As essence recedes, the only reality we are left with is the perspectival realms of appearance and perhaps what lies beyond or at the center of all such appearances (which, properly speaking, is nameless). The chief virtue of appearance is transformation and its seductive mistress is projection. And what is projection but one instance of transformation, say my subjective consciousness; affecting another instance, say the appearance of my elongated desk with the blue vinyl top. On the spontaneous array of objects gathered on my desk, I project chaotic, even ineffable patterns of associations with my ever-evolving, intentional frame of reference. The whole scene becomes for me a montage – or, in laymen's terms, art! Who is to deny me this conjecture? Who, resting omniscient and immutable himself, is to defy my bold assertion on the high plateau of existential freedom? Is someone going to point to some knowable beyond realm of artsy Platonic form; or to the High Heavens, where the Art God is lounging on his throne in the midst of inscribing, 'The Divine Treatise On What Art Is?' Sure, we can come to some kind of inter-subjective agreement as to what constitutes a work of art – but inter-subjectivity is still subjectivity and therefore lacks the essentialist, unchanging standard that only an objective truth about what art is can lay down with any finality or authority. Furthermore, the evolution and development of inter-subjective agreement presupposes the sprouting of subversive subjective visions of art that challenge the established framework and force it to adjust to new circumstances. This is a case where an art perspective revolts against the established aesthetic taste buds – throwing it into chaos and confusion, but eventually, forcing it to expand the horizons of its palate. Knowing this, we must accept the fact that any subjective consciousness can rightfully stake a claim and boldly plant its two feet in the broad and boundless plains of art. In abstract terms, there is a myriad number of potential art perspectives in our good and wholesome universe.

This kind of awareness has led to a vast profusion and confusion of art in the post-modern era. As boundaries dissolve and consumerist/ herd instinct is cultivated, much of what is traditionally conceived of as art, has seemingly been bastardized and is almost senselessly consumed like so much fast food (no rumination required). However, I do not deny that even mindless consumers enjoy their art ... am I somehow closer to the truth that I know what really constitutes art? However, this does not imply that art is somehow dead for me; in the final (subjective) analysis, I do condemn mainstream taste buds to give statement to my own subjective and highly relative aesthetic consciousness. Asserting such subjective truths are enlivening, fun and give me some sense of meaning and individuation, that is why I do it. Aesthetics really is elitism, but that in no way delegitimizes it. It is a purely human, innate impulse for those of us with taste to assert our aesthetic will to power, and we need not require any recourse to an absolute frame of reference to support our assertions (at least that is what Nietzsche told me) – case closed. These are the seeds for the great art war that is too come; in fact, the above concept is more or less the root of all ideological and religious (which is not so clearly distinct from the aesthetic) conflict as well. How depressing – but that is the nature of self-conscious, interpretive animals tuned into the ineffable source of the creative void (i.e. we are blessed with muse and imagination).

What about that intuitive Worm in us that speaks thus, "... brothers and sisters, are we not all human, is there not such a thing as human nature to determine or at least to serve as a foundation for what we properly call art?

What about taste friends – do we not all have some inkling of what constitutes a work of taste." If Worm is correct, then oh how convenient things would be for all of us philosophers of art. The truth of the matter is, however, is that it is extremely difficult, perhaps even impossible, to determine something so mysterious and elusive as human nature. For such nature is a slippery thing indeed, and it always seems to be in a state of flux and transformation. Why all the alien imagery as of late? Do they replace the gods, or do the gods fall under the category of aliens? If the latter is the case, there is nothing particularly contemporary about this fetish with the alien. Perhaps the whole long history of art, and its innate tendency to produce idols, weirdness, beauty and other such expressions of the nameless; is a manifestation of the fact that there is always something about our nature that remains alien to ourselves. This alien-ness is the eternally self-generating nature of the human muse – it propels the evolution of consciousness, the continual reconceptualization of our nature. The well is abysmal (so do not let babies crawl around its perimeter) - and we will be pulling ourselves out of it until Judgement Day and even beyond.

Worm, who spends his time perpetually gnawing away on vegabond psyches worldwide, asks, "What is this well you speak of? Your hypocritical ass appears to be becoming dangerously close to expounding some kind of metaphysic – I'm feeling nauseous." And what can I say to him but this, "Please, give a good natured seeker some room to be reckless – won't you do even that?" This well is the abysmal womb of the 10 000 perspectives and/or projections – such a mysterious metaphysical entity demands no less, it necessitates all possibilities. I can look back in history and ascertain aesthetic trends and tendencies, I can take the present into account, but towards the future, I can only project along with everybody else. With such a superimposition of countless perspectives, who is to say what is to unfold? What reflections, distortions and refractions are to occur in the hall of mirrors we call human nature; and how will it effect art appreciation? Maybe Worm holds the key to all this, maybe not.

"So", says Worm, "Is this perspective on perspectives dangerous or fruitful?" "Oh Worm, you can't be that shortsighted and dogmatic now, can you? You do know that it is never quite clear as to what is ultimately dangerous or fruitful – this is an elementary spiritual truth ... turn to the sages of the past amigo, to the Taoists who simultaneously steeped themselves in clarity and confusion." Some tend to decline in the grip of a single perspective for so long that it begins to feel like divinely static truth-essence – a frighteningly dreadful affair! There is no emptiness here, only comfort. Comfort is limited, a concretized essence that necessarily limits art. The more perspectives, the deeper the well becomes – the more manifold art becomes. Art is dynamic and shifting – thus, even a purely aesthetic sense is, at the very least, potentially hostile to art. Art proper makes demands on the soul. As mentioned above, human nature is that which perpetually reconceptualizes and reformulates itself and its relation to the world – art, in its infinite variations, facilitates this oh most spiritual of movements. Worm wriggles and asks, "So does everything thus become art?" "Well Worm, perhaps in some non-essentialist metaphysical way, but this need not terrify us. As I mentioned previously, I have a will that can assert what art is for me – and if I maintain an absurd consciousness, I can do this without being chastised as a hypocrite or a madman, in fact, such an assertion is what is necessitated of me and my good friend, freedom. If I value transformation, internalize it as a value, than even better; at least then the horizon of possibility is in the forefront of my mind. And what a mighty, broad and boundless canvas with which to work – don't you think

Worm?"

Worm, tucked snugly beneath the cerebral folds where he and that chatty bastard, Logos, are in a constant state of mischief making; gets excited and demands, "Man, I need more!! I need to hear more – I need more explanation in regard to this so called inspired well of emptiness." And to my friendly neighborhood parasite, I respond thus, "More, you want more Worm – tell me, when will it ever be enough? Just admit to me that you will never be satiated; and that fact alone will support everything I have said. I suggest you read on, but I warn you, it may just cause in you an even greater sense of hunger ..."

This thing I call perspectivism has much to do with the negating power of consciousness – which is akin to Jean Paul Sartre's negative or the nothingness of consciousness. To shift perspectives implies the ability to negate one perspective in favor of the other – or, for the latter to make such a profound impression on you, that you unquestionably negate the former. This is not, however, always necessarily the case – certain sages, for instance, have the capability of simultaneously perceiving upwards to 10 000 perspectives - in my mind, Chuang Tzu was just such a sage. Anyways, the term nothingness is employed metaphorically for lack of a better term – it describes that nameless vacuity (which is often confused with eternity, and perhaps rightly so) that lies in the heart-mind of the human being. It is what makes man, man. The whole process of reflexivity, the construction of meaning, the questioning of everything (even the act of questioning itself) is the inevitable function of such vacuity. If, for example, we conceive of consciousness as a definite something – where is their room for motion? All motion requires emptiness to move about in (yang requires yin), all reflexive thinking is motion. The imagination brings forth ideas, intuitions and feelings – from where? Scientists tell us it stems ultimately from our neural physical makeup, our instincts – perhaps, but does that in anyway detract from the qualitative, physically irreducible nature of our mental experience? The countless cases of mind over matter also reinforce my intuitive suspicion of the narrow-sightedness of the biological determinism thesis. Quite frankly, there is much about the mind we do not understand ("Isn't that so Worm?"). Perhaps there is a chromosome responsible for the human awareness of the infinity-divinity-nothingness complex – and perhaps such an awareness leads to a profusion and confusion of instincts, which in turn leads to an infinite variety of paradox and possibility within the human being (can we really talk about instinct in the traditional sense if this is the case?). I think the physical sciences will always be in the dark about the mystery of consciousness – they can describe, but they cannot explain. Despite all this, we can ascribe freedom and creative spontaneity to the human being and his artistic drive if we assert the nothingness of consciousness as the causeless cause – but how this seemingly unique human characteristic ever came about, well, that is a question for theologians and psychedelic gurus from California. In the abyss of the creative-I-don't-know; that is where indeterminate patterns of art lie in waiting, like raiders in the night.

Worm whispers, "I don't know if this is religious or nihilistic, but it damn well sounds all right. Lets eat, I'm hungry!"

¹ Modern archaeology tells us such a history begins some 30-40 000 years ago; when that wild, unruly and footloose entity we all know and love as *Gleist* first manifested itself on some dim and lusty walls of a French cave.

Justina M. Barnicke Gallery at Hart House

ED HALDORSEN

One of the reasons I chose to come to U of T was because of its close proximity to the Royal Ontario Museum and Art Gallery of Ontario. When I moved to Innis in early September, I arrived to a campus rich with monumental architecture, cultural diversity, and enough resources to satisfy just about any curiosity. My first few weeks on campus were spent visiting various libraries and buildings on campus and talking to hundreds of people that brought with them little pieces of the cultures they left behind to study here.

I remember being surprised to discover a book in Roberts library that was written about the Hart House collection of Canadian Art. I flipped through the illustrations and quickly realized that there were some important paintings there. Hart House was at first a place for pickup basketball and a bunch of clubs that I'd never heard of. I'd never even seen the gallery.

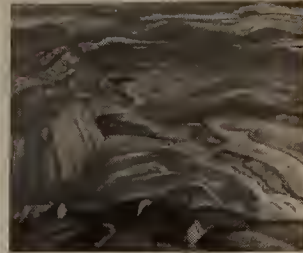
As soon as I shut the book, I rushed over to the gallery. While the book provided evidence that some good works were in the collection, I still entered with the preconceived notion that it was some haphazard display of works that were done by Fine Art students over the years and maintained by current students that were more interested in other activities in their lives. I also didn't expect too many students to appreciate Canadian art since I had never known any other young adults to care about it back home. What I found was a wing of Hart House named "The Justina M. Barnicke Gallery". The walls were filled with some of the most important works ever executed by promi-

nent artists who shaped the identity of Canadian Art. One installation which I had seen numerous reproductions of in book, a canvas titled "The Pointers" by Tom Thomson, looked particularly stunning in the flesh.

Starting in the early 1920's, Hart House gained funds through various gifts and fundraising events and used revenues to invest in an art collection. The most remarkable thing about the collection is that U of T students chose all the works. In fact, even today students on the Hart House art committee make decisions to purchase items for the collection.

The gallery has various exhibitions throughout the year that range from Historical paintings to contemporary works in various media. Some exhibit works by UofT students. If you look at the walls as you walk around Hart House, and in the various offices, you'll notice many other works that are part of the collection. You'll also notice a beautiful metal sculpture if you venture into the courtyard.

This September, the exhibit "Canadian Painters as Educators" displayed many works that were painted in the 20's and 30's. This was a time when that many of the artists represented in the display were changing the direction of Canadian art from a following of people painting in older European styles to a united movement of artists expressing their land with the naïveté that it possessed and with the vibrant colors and emotions that stirred the souls of all who walked on it. This movement was met with much resistance by an established 'old school' of Canadian artists, but was able to overcome this obstacle with international



"The Laborador Coast" by A.Y. Jackson (left) by A.Y. Jackson and "Beech Tree" (right) by J.W. Beatty can be seen at the Gallery.

exposure and a very prolific span of consistently high quality works. Since Canada was not the best place to sell modern Canadian paintings at the time - 'old money' was buying 'old school' art - many artists had to take up teaching to help them meet the costs of daily life. The September exhibit focused on those who found the time to share their knowledge and enthusiasm with others through mentoring.

Milena Placentile, an Innis student whose essay about the exhibit can be obtained for free at the Barnicke Gallery, vividly portrays the essence of the exhibition. I encourage all who are remotely interested in Canadian Art to

read it. It's good stuff. The University College Art Center also has a wonderful collection, but we compete against them in intramural sports, so I won't give them too much credit.

The Justina M. Barnicke gallery, with the help of students and volunteers, has carved a small niche in both the Canadian art community and our university. It is a solid foundation to grow and maintain a distinct interest in Canadian Art for anyone that is willing to discover it. Like so many other special interest resources, it helps forge a wonderfully diverse mosaic of information that we call U of T.

Junk

COREY KATZ

lying in bed on the demerol again
junk running it's course
the stink of festering junk sores
no bowel movement for eight days
gangrenous needle wounds
gotta keep the cold out
borrowed skin greying
putrid mass that was once an arm
new mouth new hole
another entrance for stinking junk
eyes water
pain gone

Smoke

CHRISTINE DAVIES

Blue fingers
stroke tenderly
the golden limb,
caress it,
warm it.
Deceitful love.
The skin turns black,
and rips; the limb
cries only smoke,
silently billowing up from the fissures,
swirling into a consuming sky,
lost.

Cinema Studies and Innis College Present...

Understanding Islam: A Film Series

Beginning Friday October 12, 2001



"Islam: Empire of Faith"

Two 90-minute PBS Documentaries
detailing the Muslim faith, culture, and
innovations, and profiling important figures in
its long and fascinating history.

Part 1:

Part 2:

9:30 a.m.

11:40 a.m.

2:40 p.m.

4:40 p.m.

Friday Oct. 19th - Mount Sinai Hall's
"Mohammed, Messenger of God" (1976)

Toronto Hall, Innis College University of Toronto

2 Sussex Avenue (NW corner of Sussex & St. George)



All are welcome. Admission is free.
For more information about subsequent Friday screenings,
please visit www.utoronto.ca/innis/news&events.



Something About The Moon This Month

CRYSTAL CHAN

October 1 was the full moon day, but this time, the full moon is different from the others; there's something about the full moon this month.

On that day, there was actually a beautiful lady, dressed in a weird Chinese costume, flying to the moon! Did you see her on that night? If you had a good telescope, maybe you could see a jade rabbit jumping around and a muscular guy trying to chop down a tree with his axe on the moon!

Just kidding. But there really is "something" special about the full moon this month.

Think of the date of this full moon. October first, the national day for China! Isn't that cool? First reason for this full moon to be so special!

Also, if you check the lunar calendar, you'll get to know that actually October 1, 2001 is the Moon Festival. The full moon has a double meaning for the people all over the world, especially for East Asians and Chinese people!

Beautiful lady flying to the moon, woodcutter attempting to cut the moon tree are all romanticized legendary stories about the moon festival. Different people have different versions of the tales, but the main purpose of celebrating a moon festival, though, is to have a family reunion. In Chinese tradition, the round shape of the moon represents union. Therefore, everyone in the family will try to arrange a gathering dinner. At night, children will play with lanterns and candles, and family members will sit together to talk about the year and how things are going in their lives.

As with any Chinese festival, there is always delicious and special food accompanied with it. Did you guys get some "Chinese fudge" from Chinatown on the September 29? That's called "mooncake" and it's a sort of a cookie with fillings of sugar, sesame, walnut and the yoke of preserved egg. Weird taste? If you don't like the taste of preserved egg yoke and red bean, you can try some new style mooncakes filled with ice cream, which can be found in Chinatown. In the past Chinese people didn't eat mooncake, they just made it. What for? Against the Mongolians! They put secret papers in mooncakes to communicate with other people so that they could plan the rebellion! So if you find a slip of paper inside the mooncake that you are eating, you'd better keep it! You can probably sell it to some historical museums to earn a good deal! If not, at least you can bring it back to the shop and they'll give you another one.

It's always nice to just look at the full moon and enjoy a moment of quietness. Especially now that it's autumn, which is why the Moon Festival is also called the Mid-Autumn Festival. At night, the sky is really clear and the moon is full, bright and silvery. Everything is amazingly wonderful. I can't deny that I am a real "Luna" fan. But trust me, when you feel bad, depressed or stressed out, just try to give yourself a few minutes, look out the window at the sky; look at the moon and its soft light, and you'll feel much better. Because the moon is always with you, it's eternal.

Midnight Lunacy

CRYSTAL CHAN

night passes, day comes
the sun chases the moon
time flies, light flashes
thousand things come and go
million people meet and pass
wind blows, leaf falls,
drops on the ground, gone
to the place where no one remembers
and i am here, motionless,
facing this moment of changes

changes
when life means the death
when heaven becomes the hell
when truth roots in lies
when love turns to hate
and when i know
i'm nothing, but dust...

dust, remains of burnt flesh,
returns to soil of the mother earth
the soul sleeps under the ground
ultimate rest in eternity

eternity
may the stars take me to the sky
dance with the moon
may my mind cross with the universe

goodnite



KATE RUSNAK

Heart Over Mind

DANIEL DEES

The major decisions to be made in your life start here " To any student having graduated from high school last year I'm sure these words, whether coming from parents or teachers, will sound quite familiar. Recently having graduated myself I find a plateau of choices on my horizon, most of which will lead me down the illustrious path that I am supposed to be so keen on. As everyone around me so frequently says "Life starts in university." According to all, what we as students know now pales in comparison to what university will offer us, or any further education in that respect. Yes Ladies and Gentleman, as is my understanding, university is apparently so grand that I can discover the meaning of life there, and only there. Yet what if I have found the essence of life already? What if my heart speaks to me differently? This is for students whose heart says one thing, but whose parents or teachers say another. Education is a privilege and important, but should never overwhelm the desire of the heart.

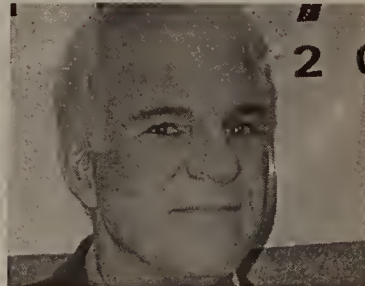
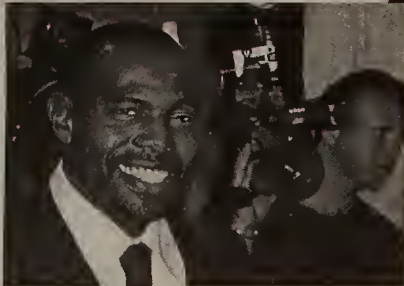
It took me an arduous six years to complete high school. Despite problems, it has certainly been an experience from which I have gathered timeless knowledge, and will always be grateful for the expansion of my mind. Yet during these six years there was one experience and pleasure that far ex-

ceeded anything I had learned, and that was being bestowed with a woman whom I love, and who reciprocates such a beautiful and powerful emotion. With all that I had learned in school and with all that I had been told to be passionate about, whether it be Shakespeare, mathematics, or computers, only she gave me what my heart had yearned for. In the few moments it took to fall in love did I find more beauty and understanding than six years of institutionalized learning. As a result she has stood as the number one priority in my life, acting as the one passion that I would sacrifice anything for. This includes school, and I lived by these words when I denied acceptance to many excellent schools that were gracious enough to want to teach me, and take my money. This was all done in the name of being closer to the one I love, closer to the only thing that fused my heart with so much strength and joy. Love may falter, but while it lasts does it have enormous power, and a wealth of information about not only this world, but yourself as well.

As one can greatly imagine, turning down all these "excellent" schools settled rather uncomfortably with my parents, and to my displeasure, the majority of those close to me. " How can you turn down such an amazing school in the name of love! " My answer is simple but one that they cannot

accept. All my life I have had people, whether it be parents, teachers, preachers, or friends tell me what I needed to be content. This elusive happiness I searched for wherever they pointed, but to no avail. Yet now I have found it! Now I have a firm grasp of what is important to me, and I will not have it suffer in any way, shape, or form by leaving far away to an institution that will pale in comparison to waking up and seeing her face everyday. Whether it be a person you love, or a divine passion for any one of life's many gifts, including education, pursue it to the end! If life for you is being with the person you love, drawing the picture you adore, singing the notes that make you smile, getting the best marks possible in school, or writing the poetry of your soul, then do so! Value the path in life that will do justice to your heart, not your bank account nor the expectations of others. Leave this world knowing that you kept what was important to you close, whether it be in times of peace or in the face of great adversity. Money, fame, or the diploma on your wall will not guarantee life, but allowing yourself to be exposed to your desires will! So to my fellow students of U of T, heed these words and best of luck in whatever paths you may choose this year.

'Bitten by the



M.M. CHAMPAGNE

FILM CRITIC

So...it's two in the morning, the night before your ballots are due for the 26th annual Toronto International Film Festival, and you've just picked up your program, but with thirty tickets to ballot for and 326 films to choose from, there is precious little time to do your research. You must see a minimum of four films per day, but you'd like to try and beat last year's record of six. So here's the plan... First, go see all the Midnight Madness films. They kick ass. Then, scan the films in the festival program guide and eliminate the following: Canadian films, mainstream US films, Independent U.S. films with mainstream actors who work for scale because they *really believe in the project* (unless, of course, it's Sean Penn), 345-minute long films, anything shot on Betacam, any films with descriptions like: "a film about dying," or "adolescent girls on a summer holiday and in the first throes of sexuality," and it goes without saying, all films starring Sook-Yin Lee (but please, allow yourself an extra five minutes to fall to the floor in a fit of hysterical laughter.)

The following is an insight into what this year's festival had to offer. These are films which, unlike some of their counterparts, will be making their way to a theatre near you. (Although I was mesmerized by *James Ellroy's Feast of Death*, the odds of it being available to ordinary viewers is what, I believe, the industry terms a *fat chance*.) If anything, we hope to give you an idea of the distinct and sometimes disjointed films the festival brings to the city. Who knows, maybe next year, you too will be bitten by the festival bug. And don't you worry, with the variety of popcorn toppings now available at the concession, you'll hardly notice you've been eating the same thing for three straight days.

How's Your News?

USA—Dir. Arthur Bradford

How's Your News? is the documentary feature and pet project of Arthur Bradford, a

counselor at the east coast's, Camp Jabberwocky. Camp Jabberwocky is a camp for physically and mentally disabled adults.

The story goes that the campers decided it would be a lot of fun to break out Jabberwocky's A/V equipment, don their press hats and produce a series of news reports about the camp and its surroundings. *Somehow*, (and if I had a nickel for everytime I heard this story), Trey Parker and Matt Stone got their hands on a couple of the tapes, thought they were hilarious, and offered to finance a feature length film. So, the counselors packed up their best reporters, bought a Winnebago and some extra video equipment, and decided to take a road trip across the US, with cameras rolling.

There are five reporters who run the show. First, there is impressionist extraordinaire and Chad Everett uber-fan, Ronnie Simonsen. Ronnie is a developmentally delayed adult with a gift for small talk, a snappy sense of humour, and a knack for turning every conversation into a discussion of all things *Chad*. Ronnie is the star. Next, there is consummate professional and gifted songstress, Susan Harrington. Susan is the closest thing we have to a traditional reporter, but more important, apart from her glorious cover of Aretha Franklin's, "Respect", she is responsible for much of the film's *EXTREMELY CATCHY* soundtrack. A warning: you *will* end up humming these tunes for months. Add to this, Sean Costello and Bobby Bird, two Downs Syndrome adults of Camp Jabberwocky. Sean is shy, soft spoken and clinically unimpressed with the people he interviews. Bobby, on the other hand, is rather outspoken, his only problem being his physical inability to actually articulate speech. The questions Bobby asks come out like a series of honks and serve only to confuse his interviewees. Finally, there is Larry Perry, who suffers from severe Cerebral Palsy. As Larry lacks control over most of his body, and cannot speak, his contribution to the film amounts to being fitted with hidden-camera glasses, having a microphone place in his hand, being wheeled out to an area heavy with pedestrian traffic and taped from afar. At one point he wears a sign that says, "My name is Larry. Talk to me."

How's Your News? has very little plot, but the reporters, and the people they meet, are quirky, eccentric and entertaining enough to keep us interested. They come upon angry Mexicans, sidewalk preachers, Venice Beach buskers and the chronically unfamous, Vince Van Patten. The climax? The bus breaks down. Drama? Ronnie stands under a tree, in a cemetery, singing an improvised song about Philadelphia, as Larry rolls around on the grass.

Though entertaining, *How's Your News?* leaves you with subtle feelings of sadness and shame, and an aching suspicion that the motives of the producers were not entirely altruistic. B-

Dogtown and Z-Boys USA - Stacy Peralta

Dogtown and Z-Boys is the debut documentary feature of video director and skateboarding Svengali, Stacy Peralta. His goal was to tell the story of the Zephyr Skateboarding Team, of which he was a member, before Hollywood sinks their claws into it. The Zephyr Team was an elite group of bad-ass surfer kids from a rundown part of Venice Beach, CA, known as *Dogtown*, who took up skateboarding as a way to continue surfing when the tide was out...and consequently, reinvented the entire sport.

At a time when skateboarders stood tall, the Zephyr kids preferred riding low to the ground, dragging their hands along the wave-like surfaces of the concrete rain ditches that surrounded their school yards. They literally surfed the streets.

Dogtown is your typical postmodern, fast-paced, VH1 fare. It compiles archival films, still photographs and the articles of Craig Stecyk from 'Skateboard Magazine', with first hand accounts of the Zephyr kids (all grown up), and charts the evolution of skateboarding from tricks to style, and the transformation of poor kids from broken homes, into superstar skate gods.

For the same reason *Behind the Music* is fun to watch, even when it's of the "Bay City Rollers," *Dogtown and Z-Boys* is fun to watch, even if you know nothing about board-

ing. Mr. Peralta knows how to cater to the broad attention range of his viewers. He draws you in with accelerated montages of endless footage and sets it to a dream soundtrack. Jimi, Janis, Page and Plant burst from the speakers as we watch these kids practice their vertical, polish their style, and no doubt break a few bones. Having Sean Penn as narrator doesn't hurt either. Unfortunately, Mr. Peralta isn't quite as natural in front of the camera, and comes across with laboured enthusiasm when interviewing himself (much like an infomercial salesperson). These moments, though brief, create a discomfort and tension, which cracks the otherwise smooth progression of the narrative. Regardless, *Dogtown* is a thrill. It gets you excited, and educates you at the same time. It makes you want to hop on a board and take on the city. B+

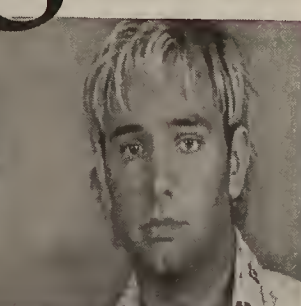
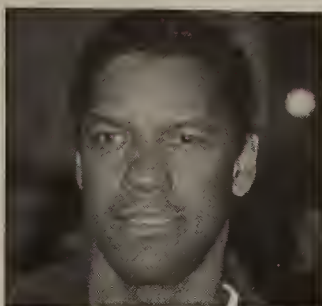
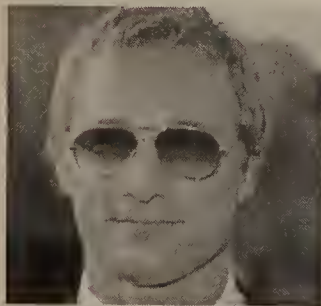


Versus

Japan - Dir. Ryuhei Kitamura

The most exciting film of my festival experience, and my vote for the Viewer's Choice Award, was Ryuhei Kitamura's first feature length film, *Versus*. It is everything you'd expect from an action-adventure/martial arts/gangster film: *non stop!* The cast of characters includes a fated hero, a virginal heroine, an arch enemy/murderous villain, gangsters, guns, swords, a supernatural forest, a jail break, zombies, zombies with guns, loser cops with giant guns, and *lots and lots* of body parts.

Festival Bug'



Did I mention it was funny, too?

The story begins 400 years in the past, with our hero dressed in samurai gear, slicing and dicing the enemy storm troopers in an attempt to save the princess. He confronts the enemy and loses. Fast forward to the year 2001. The hero breaks out of prison (by strategically ripping the hand off the arm of the cop he was handcuffed to) and is led through the woods by an accomplice, to await their ride. When a car arrives, it is full of the enemy's henchmen and the kidnapped princess, who were ordered to await the arrival of their leader. There is a confrontation and one of the gangsters is shot and killed, but he is not dead. At this point we learn that the forest is on sacred ground, where the dead come back to life as zombies. *But wait*, this is also a forest where the gangsters have been *dumping* their *victims'* bodies for years.....uh oh! (And chaos ensues.)

Versus is 119 minutes of grins, smirks, gun shots and head kicks, and amidst all this action Mr. Kitamura finds the time to pay homage to, and poke fun at, popular and film culture. By the films end, it came as no surprise to the audience when Kitamura credited Sam Raimi's, *Evil Dead II* as his greatest influence. But beyond the excitement that is *Evil Dead II*, *Versus* has a quality that sets it apart from other actions film. *Versus* has style. *Versus* is cool. Cool like early John Woo films. Cool like Bruce Willis in *Die Hard*. Cool like Tim Burton's *Batman*. The costumes are stylin', the fight scenes are outstanding and the soundtrack, by Nobuhiko Morino, is expertly constructed, ranging from hardcore electronica to modified Western themes. And did I mention it was funny? I can only guess that when Mr. Kitamura and co-writer Yudai Yamaguchi set out to script this film, they began by heading out to their local video store, renting all their favourite action films, and taking notes. See this film! A+

L'Anglaise et le duc

France — Eric Rohmer

L'Anglaise et le duc is the recent release by French filmmaker Eric Rohmer and was screened as part of the Master's Program of

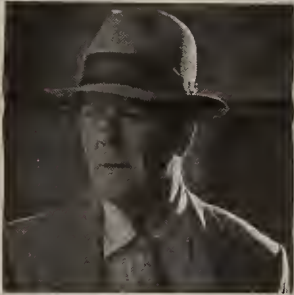
the Toronto International Film Festival. Other directorial "Masters" include, Jean-Luc Godard, David Lynch and Claire Denis. I watched the first twenty minutes of the 219 minute *L'Anglaise*, slept for the next twenty-five, and left the theatre at half-time. So, having experienced only half of the film (half of which I was unconscious), you might wonder whether I am really qualified to write a review. My answer: *you bet!*

L'Anglaise et le duc is based on the memoirs of Grace Elliot, a British woman living in France at the time of the Revolution, thanks to the graciousness of her former sugar-Daddy, le Duc d'Orléans. It also constitutes a truly, terrible film. It was awful. It was boring and ugly and had all the production value of a BBC version of *Twelfth Night* (I wasn't impressed in the tenth grade either). I would have been more excited to watch a *Riverdale* marathon on the CBC, at least then there are commercials. The acting was theatrical, the dialogue was sticky and the cameras barely moved. Most of the film seemed locked in a dreadful medium-two shot, giving the impression that I was sitting at the Elgin watching a play. The difference, however, is that in the theatre, the art director and set designer might have put a little more effort into the *mise-en-scene*, instead of just switching around the furniture in the same studio set. Add a painting, remove a chair, and presto, the "drawing room" becomes the "parlour".

But my greatest beef with *L'Anglaise et le duc*, comes from Piers Handling's account of the film in the Festival's program guide. He writes that "more audaciously, [Rohmer] avoids shooting in external settings, employing digital imaging throughout the film to recreate the city and period in exactitude." Now, I don't know if Mr. Rohmer or Mr. Handling have seen *Gladiator*, or *Independence Day*, or *The Parent Trap* for that matter. I don't know if they are aware of what *can* be done with CGI these days, but having your actors stand in front of a green screen, inserting them into an impressionist type *painting* of pre-Revolutionary France, and asking them to stumble around, hardly constitutes a recreation in *exactitude*.

Now, I understand that films are not all about

pleasure. I expect to be frightened, disturbed, enlightened, et cetera, but I do not expect to be insulted and I do not expect to force meaning into a lazy film because it was directed by Eric Rohmer. There are certainly more interesting things to do. F



BENJAMIN WRIGHT

FILM EDITOR

We all need a Ted Brautigan in our life.

For maturing children everywhere, he represents the sounding board and the chalkboard. His tolerant manner and poetic words have a lasting effect on his subjects. While the world whizzes past most eleven-year-olds, he gives them his time and focus. He dispenses advice without caution, and has the eerie tone of a carnival psychic.

Hearts in Atlantis is a return to familiar territory for its author, Stephen King. Peppared with the shadows and sunsets of *Stand By Me*, screenwriter William Goldman and director Scott Hicks shape and shift the lengthy King novel into a subtle, pleasurable, and often inspiring fable of small town innocence.

Seen through the eyes of eleven-year-old Bobby Garfield (Anton Yelchin), *Hearts* builds a formidable narrative on the structural devices of *Stand By Me*. Beginning with an older Bobby (played by a graying David Morse) at the funeral of a boyhood pal, we are transported back to the time of endless

summer days and a slew of firsts: a first kiss, a first job, and the first steps into a mature future.

As old 45's spin on an aged turntable, Bobby befriends a traveler who has moved into his mother's vacant upstairs room. Without a father around to throw the ball, Bobby turns to the drifter.

"I never trust men who carry their things in paper bags," mutters Elizabeth, Bobby's mother, played with maternal defiance by Hope Davis. But Bobby is just a boy, and is unaware of life's cruel truths. Therefore, he does not judge Ted Brautigan, and instead, accepts him as a replacement father and would-be brother. They gamble together, play cards, and drink root beer.

But Ted Brautigan has a secret. He seemingly suffers from a psychic block, a trance-like phenomenon that renders him mute. On several occasions, Bobby has to snap Ted out of this trance by shaking him. Soon after this incident, Bobby is, among other things, able to predict numerous games of three-card-monte. For that brief instant, Ted channels his power to Bobby. But like all things innocent, it lasts no longer than a blink.

In one of Ted's many monologues, he tells Bobby of a group of "low men" who are in search of him. Their nameless, faceless mugs will spread signs around town, signaling their arrival. Are these men cursed with the same power as Ted? Are they of some other time, some other existence?

Mr. Hicks rightly concludes that the naive insights of a child lack the ability to be able to say for sure. The answer is more likely grounded in the belief that Ted is a wondering gambler, pursued by those shady debt-collectors that drive shiny new sedans and smoke unfiltered cigarettes.

As Ted, Anthony Hopkins inspires. His feather-like line readings are peppered with goose-bumpy beats and the same wintry coolness he displays in *Meet Joe Black* and *Legends of the Fall*.

Hearts in Atlantis is a small film with a big heart. It reaches for the penultimate of human experience, but falls short only because it treads over themes and ideas that we have met before. B+

A Nauseating Delight

Continuing Coverage of the 26th Toronto International Film Festival

JULIE MACARTHUR

FILM CRITIC

Waking Life is a philosophical and visual trip into the realm of the dream world. Realized by director Richard Linklater (*Dazed and Confused*) this work, screened at this year's Toronto International Film Festival, is without a doubt the most visually innovative and arresting film of year.

Mr. Linklater has already established himself with works such as *Dazed and Confused* and *Before Sunrise*. Both films focus on a day-in-the-life of twenty-somethings philosophizing on pretty much anything, from reincarnation to *Gilligan's Island*. Yet it is the technological innovation of *Waking Life* that sets this film apart from his repertoire.

The plot of this film is rather simple. The main character is trapped in a dream. He moves from sequence to sequence philosophizing on many ideas with a wide variety of people. Somehow the film's hipster characters toss around the intellectualisms of Andre Bazin, Nietzsche, Sartre, and Truffaut.

Waking Life stars as its dreamer, Wiley Wiggins (*Dazed and Confused*), well, sort of. It was first shot in 25 days on digital video. Next, each frame was painted over with a computer technique called rotoscoping, each character by a different artist. The effect achieved here is a fluid movement of line and colour. Nothing is quite solid or concrete. This

CINSSU is screening *Waking Life* on October 16th at 9:30pm in Town Hall

enhances the dream narrative that is presented, as it creates the intangible quality that exists in dreams. The background in parts seems to float and buoy behind the characters. You see and recognize them, yet their features may shift or change in size at will.

Familiar faces appear throughout the film. Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy reprise their roles from *Before Sunrise* for a few moments, and Steven Soderbergh does a brief cameo. Starting the film, and running throughout, is the music of Tosca, an ensemble of strings piano and an accordion. Their accented rhythms mixed with lulling passages create a mood of confusion and comfort, echoing the feelings of the dreamer.

The film is highly effective in rendering the audience into a semi-dream-like state. After the screening, I did hear some complaints of nausea, as the visuals constantly morph and float around the viewer, which can be disorienting. On the contrary, I found this technique, combined with the esoterically geared dialogue, quite lulling. At times I felt very sleepy, and I have yet to decide whether this is a fault of the slow moving, actionless plot, or its greatest achievement. A-

Bad Cop, Mediocre Cop

REBECCA MCKEAND

FILM CRITIC

The good cop, bad cop ideal is nothing new to film. It is a story we all have seen before. The so-called "good cop" is Jake Hoyt, played by Ethan Hawke, and the "bad cop" Alonzo Harris, played by Denzel Washington. It is Jake's training day and he is only using this as a tool to get higher up in the ranks to eventually become a police detective. He does not know what he is in for, it is more than just a training day, it is a journey inside the corrupt world of the L.A.P.D. He is taken along for the ride by Alonzo who will not only give him an education in the streets, but Jake will also learn more than he wanted about himself.

Mr. Washington is for once playing an unsympathetic character who goes over the top, but Mr. Hawke's Jake brings the outrageously fued Alonzo down to a tame shrill.

Alonzo takes Jake on a ferocious ride through the more gritty areas of L.A. and we quickly learn that Alonzo is not so much a mentor but rather a bully that is beating away at the naivety of Jake. Jake goes through so much from being held at gunpoint by Alonzo, forcing him to smoke marijuana, letting crack dealers (after attempting to rape a 14-year-old girl) go without being arrested, to witnessing an execution, stealing money from criminals, and getting brutally beaten up by his own partner on a rooftop. All of this in one day.

Training Day
Dir. Antoine Fuqua
Denzel Washington, Ethan Hawke
Warners

The "tests" that Alonzo gives to Jake are a bit unbelievable at times. Maybe we are unaware of the corruption that actually does occur in the L.A.P.D., but much of the action seems over-dramatized and very stylized. The cinematography by Michael Fiore is probably *Training Day's* forte, but director Antoine Fuqua conceptualizes the imagery too much to the point where it almost blatant eye candy that becomes less important to the narrative. We have to remember Mr. Fuqua also directed *The Replacement Killers*.

Mr. Washington has extreme potential to have played a more believable "bad guy," but he instead engages in too much verbal diarrhea. I felt like I was watching an episode of *The Sopranos*. We can see that Mr. Fuqua is trying to cross-over to that line of more "thought provoking" cinema but fails to capture the true essence of what this "moral journey" represents, and instead gets lost in the acid-tinged dialogue and gunshots. C

CINSSU FILMS FOR OCTOBER AND EARLY NOVEMBER

BEFORE THE RAIN - OCT. 12
SMOKE - OCT. 19
ERASERHEAD - OCT. 26
A MOMENT OF INNOCENCE - NOV. 2
THE CIRCLE - NOV. 9

'Dreadfully Average' Effort

JULIE MACARTHUR

FILM CRITIC

Serendipity, as the title suggests, is a tale of fortunate accidents that let's call, ob, fate, John (John Cusack) and Sara (Kate Beckinsale) cross paths in Bloomingdale's, which is wrought with crazed Christmas shoppers. They both reach for the same pair of black cashmere gloves, the very last pair. Galantly, John insists that Sara take them. She does, but must take him out for coffee in return, and the name of this coffee shop is... well, if you haven't guessed it already, I won't spoil the irony. To test fate, they each send their names and phone numbers out into the world, one on a five-dollar bill, and the other in a book that will be sold to a used bookstore. If the items return to them, then it was meant to be.

So Basically, boy meets girl, loses girl, seven years pass and both boy and girl are getting ready to be married to other people. But they can't commit to their partners until they go on a wild chase to find each other. Each with their helpful sidekicks, Molly Shannon (*Superstar*) and Jeremy Piven (*Gross Point Blank*), to offer some one-liners, they search for each other, always coming so close, yet so far.

Serendipity
Dir. Peter Chelsom
John Cusack, Kate Beckinsale

This film is annoyingly average. The dialogue, aside from a comedic portrayal of a sales clerk by Eugene Levy (*American Pie*), is predictable and haphazard. Nothing connects well and all the "irony" that the film provides is frustratingly contrived. The director, Peter Chelsom (*The Mighty*), attempts some semblance of a stylistic touch, yet it serves only to patronize as the techniques and imagery are so overused and commonplace. This refers to the use of fast motion clouds and accelerated clocks, symbolizing the passage of time.

The major shortcoming of the picture is the flatness of its characters. No character development is given at all, leaving an indifferent attitude towards these characters. The film creates no interest or suspense for what the outcome will be. And in a film where everyone and their dog knows what will happen in the end, there should be some other elements to sustain interest. It's not that this film was bad, or good for that matter. The main problem was that it was neither, and left very little for the viewer to come away with. This is a romantic comedy, which in my opinion is too typical. Everything about it, from the acting to the stylistic, is dreadfully average. C-

A Competent Thriller

NATALIE O'BRIEN

FILM CRITIC

An enigma is a riddle. During World War II it was the greatest riddle of all - the German Code. If it could not be broken, the Nazi's would always be a step ahead of the Allies. The film, *Enigma*, is a fictional account of the British code breakers and brilliant mathematicians who raced against the Axis without the help of any computer. If that sounds dry to you, don't worry; there is also a murder mystery, a love story and a search for a spy. *Enigma* is, after all, produced by Mick Jagger.

Dougray Scott plays Tom Jericho, who was pulled right out of Cambridge and into Bletchley Park, the home of British code breakers. Under the strain of breaking the Enigma and being dumped by his beautiful but loose girlfriend, Claire Romilly (Saffron Burrows), he cracks it and is sent away on medical leave until the Germans come up with a new complication to add to Enigma - *Shark*. On his return, Tom is informed that there is a spy at Bletchley and Claire is missing. He is under suspicion in both cases.

The heart of the film is in the unraveling of Claire's last project. Tom is helped by Hester Wallace (Kate Winslet), Claire's roommate. Hester's intellect is wasted on her wartime job as a 'glorified secretary,' which is

Enigma
Dir. Michael Apted
Kate Winslet, Dougray Scott
Alliance Atlantis

shown quickly by her detective skills that far surpass Tom, the 'genius'. A growing awareness builds between Tom and Hester in the course of their secret investigation, giving the film a tender sexual tension. The relationship is predictable (Who would you pick? Spunky Rose from *Titanic* or the cheating Nan from *Circle of Friends*), but it gives a confusing plot a sweet centre.

Enigma is written by Tom Stoppard, who also wrote the Oscar-winning *Shakespeare in Love*, and is directed by the competent Michael Apted (*World is Not Enough*). The film is a strange mix of Bond-like effects (U-Boats, people jumping off trains and snipers) and Mr. Stoppard's intellectual thrills (Code-breaking is purely cerebral). The film isn't quite sure of how serious it wants to be, especially with Jeremy Northam hamming it up as the British Intelligence officer who is investigating Tom. Still, the film is enjoyable particularly for the 'Eureka!' moment when the spy is found out. B

On Bertolucci

TYLER GREENBERG

FILM CRITIC

In light of a lecture series on Bernardo Bertolucci at the University of Toronto, we feature a review of his most recent film: *Besieged*.

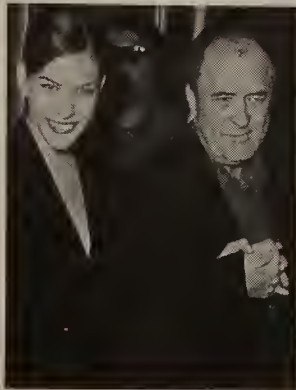
Bernardo Bertolucci is a poet. His films are lush, and musical. *Besieged* is no exception, as it hearkens back to his earlier lower budget films. Many consider *Last Tango in Paris* his last masterpiece, with his interim films such as *Stealing Beauty* and *The Little Buddha* not up to his par excellence. *Besieged* is first a beautiful film, and second a classical concerto. It is almost completely barren of words. As with a piece of music, its nuances and rhythmic lines resurface to present us with texture and inundate us with its meaning.

Besieged is the story of two cultures, races, classes. Their connection is brought to being not through the duality of word and action, but through a single song, *Ostinato* (Obstinate in English). *Besieged* tells the tale of Shandurai (Thandie Newton), a beautiful African female who abandons her homeland for Rome after her husband becomes a political prisoner. She finds employment with Jason Kinsky (David Thewlis), a reclusive pianist. This is the beginning of a love story, with a decision to be made between moral ties and emotional sentiment. Mr. Kinsky's piano tells the story with the same justice as Mr. Bertolucci's cinematographer Fabio Cianchetti's camera.

Besieged is based on a James Lasduns' short story which can't entirely fill the 95 minute long script. The acting is be-

lievable, and the plot mostly comprehensible. For example, Shandurai's ability to keep a perfect villa for Kinsky while attending medical school at night seems implausible. The several discrepancies can be overlooked as semantics.

Mr. Bertolucci makes us aware that *Besieged* is a movie. With its gentle edits and the fragile caress of its music, we are cognizant of its faults, but are under the influence of its compelling beauty brought to life in only the way that a master filmmaker can.



Director Bernardo Bertolucci with *Stealing Beauty* star Liv Tyler

VIDEO CORNER

BARI GOODIS

When I first saw *State and Main* during its brief theatrical run last winter, I left the theater feeling frustrated, but unsure why. Although I had thoroughly enjoyed the film, I was left with a desire for some sort of closure that had not been fulfilled. It wasn't until I saw it again on DVD that I was able to appreciate *State and Main* without the uneasiness that I had experienced during my first viewing of the film.

State and Main tells the story of a big-budget film crew that takes over the small town of Waterford, Vermont and wrecks havoc upon the local townspeople. It is a movie about the making of a movie, although it focuses more on the interaction between big-budget Hollywood and small-town America, than on the actual task of movie making. *State and Main* leaves the viewer feeling as though they have invested a couple hours watching a group of actors rehearsing for a film, but their investment is unable to be realized as the audience is not privileged to see the final cut of *The Old Mill* (the film within the film).

Make no mistake; I am in no way suggesting that *State and Main* is anything short of a wonderful film. There is much more to like about *State and Main* than there is to dislike. The film is sharply written and directed by David Mamet and it is Mamet's exceptional ability to create likable, realistic characters that carries this film. The dialogue is fast-paced and full of one liners that remain with you long after the film is over. The extraordinary cast works together as a true ensemble, even though the film is primarily comprised on leading actors (Alec Baldwin, Sarah Jessica Parker, William H. Macy, and Julia Stiles).

Most likely due to the fact that *State and Main* did not fair so well at the box office, New Line Cinema did not go all out with the DVD release. It does, however, feature a few extras that are worth checking out. The audio commentary included on the disc stands out in my mind as the one of the most entertaining and informative commentaries that I have heard on a DVD. Rather than including a conversation between members of the cast and crew (as most DVD's do), here, we are provided with a series of separate commentaries by members of the cast. The voices of Sarah Jessica Parker, William H. Macy, Clark Gregg, David Paymer, and Patti LaPone are carefully edited together into a single track that provides the listener with insight into how the film was made, how the actors felt during certain scenes, and a heavy amount of praise for Mamet himself. The dialogue is well organized and because the actors were not together upon recording the commentary, the viewer is able to appreciate their stories on a personal level (we feel as though they are speaking to us one on one rather than letting us eavesdrop on their conversation).

Another interesting bonus is the DVD-ROM content (playable only on computers with DVD playback capability). The bonuses here consist of a script-to-screen feature in which the viewer can compare Mamet's original script to the final cut of the film. The original website for the fictional film *The Old Mill* is also included.

State and Main is a rare film that can make you laugh out loud and also think at the same time. Don't hesitate to take a trip to *State and Main*. A-

My Dinner with Celebrities

Following up on friendships made during the Toronto International Film Festival

RYAN JACOBSON

FILM CRITIC

I'd like to say that I'm writing this article in the sun drenched confines of a luxurious, palatial garden, but I'm not. I'm writing this article in my bachelor apartment on Spadina. When I first saw it, I said to the landlord "Sir, isn't that you're closet?" He said no; "it's a new type of bachelor apartment. It's a Japanese style apartment."

Anyway, I had just returned home from a lunch appointment with my two new friends Denzel and Julia and was preparing to go to dinner with my other new friends Tom and Harrison.

As I had anticipated, I made many celebrity friends during the festival. I met Tom on the GO train. He was going to Milton and I broke the ice with a well-timed fart. I met Harrison and Julia at the same time. They were both disguised in novelty glasses, the kind with a fake rubber nose and moustache, and we shared a laugh because I was wearing the same novelty glasses. Theirs, of course,

was Armani novelty glasses but a close bond was immediately formed.

Arriving late, I sat down at the table at Mr. GreenJeans, Toronto's Chaisson's. I was the second to arrive; Harrison arrived shortly after I did. By my arrival, Tom, who had arrived 15 minutes early, had already consumed two milkshakes and proceeded to tell me, loud enough that the manager was sure to hear, how unhappy he was about the restaurant's refill policy. Harrison asked us to excuse his lateness but his pedicure ran late; a fact he demonstrated with a wiggle of his toes, which could be seen poking out of his sandals. In fact, Harrison said little during the meal and instead obsessively surveyed his feet.

"So, I was spackling last night in the bathroom," Tom began.

"Our Harrison was a carpenter." I interrupted. "Perhaps he might have some advice." Without taking his eyes off his feet, Harrison said, "No, the carpenter thing was a story spread by the studio."

"Anyway," Tom said, annoyed. "While I was spackling, Nicole called me and said, 'Tom, I'm glad you and Penelope are happy and I wish you well. You make a cute couple and isn't that Cruise-Cruz thing hilarious.'" I congratulated him and told him, "Your marriage to actress Mimi Rogers collapsed.

My marriage to Nicole failed. I'm sure this relationship with an actress will work." He patted me on the shoulder, told me what a good friend I was and confided that he also felt this one would work because she really understood him.

After an intimate conversation that I feel obliged by friendship not to repeat, I changed the subject to the just passed film festival.

"Did you see any Portuguese films?" "That's all I watch. Midget cinema has never had an advocate like the Portuguese."

"Likewise, the Portuguese have never had an advocate like the midgets." We exchanged a knowing glance and I sat back, pleased by my off-the-cuff insight.

That, more or less, was the end of our private gathering because from this point on the extra chair at the table became a revolving door of other celebrities eating in the restaurant. Angela Lansbury came and went. Despite our mutual relief that she was still alive, her visit left a bad taste in our mouths due to her insistence on referring to most people as 'cheese dicks'. Likewise, Freddie Prinze, Jr. wore out his welcome, he kept telling Nietzsche jokes that had no punchline. After

he stopped laughing at his own jokes, he informed us that his next film was a version of *Hamlet* set during the Civil War called 'There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your constitution'. At which point, Harrison's head shot up, as if he'd just come out of a trance, and said, "that picture could use some robots."

QUOTE OF THE MOMENT:

"It's like meeting God without dying."

- Dorothy Parker on Orson Welles

O, Sullivan, Where Art Thou?



Unmasking the Origins of Preston Sturges' Sullivan's Travels and the Coen's O, Brother, Where Art Thou?

KAREN LIU
FILM CRITIC

O Brother, Where Art Thou? was promoted as being based on Homer's *The Odyssey*. Joel Coen, the director and co-screenwriter (he collaborated with brother Ethan Coen) states "this project's been in the works for 3000 years, ever since Homer started yapping about it."

However, Mr. Coen neglects to mention Preston Sturges' *Sullivan's Travels* (1942), in which lies the key to the origins of the Coen film. In Mr. Sturges' story, the main protagonist, John L. Sullivan, is a Hollywood movie director intent on making the socially conscious film "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?" for which he goes out into society dressed as a tramp. Initially, Sullivan's producers are opposed to the idea of a serious film about real social issues, so they lay down suggestions, insinuating that he should go on making the light, generic fluff he is known for. Sullivan rightly ignores them, saying "you don't seem to understand conditions have changed. There isn't any work...there isn't any food...these are troublous times."

Sullivan has never experienced hard luck, and with his boarding school and college background, his entire existence has been a very comfortable one. An idea dawns on the socially-minded filmmaker: he will don some worn clothes from the wardrobe department and set out with ten cents in his pocket.

The Coens, on the other hand, take the producers' suggestions and incorporate them into their take on the Sullivan project, and still achieve the original Sullivan goals. Not only is the title *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* directly lifted from *Sullivan's Travels*,

but the Coens also emulate its picaresque structure, as well as its comic and satiric tone. *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* is the Coens' homage to Preston Sturges, and also, according to *Toronto Star's* Martin Knedman, "this year's most bizarre inside joke," as it is the Coen Brothers who have made the film that John Sullivan had set out to do but in the end decided against completing.

Sullivan's Travels commences with the ending of a screening of some socially significant film, with Sullivan and his producers in attendance. The producers are not impressed with the film, but Sullivan ignores the awkward stares and begins discussing plans for his own film. "I want this picture to be a commentary on modern conditions...stark realism...the problems that confront the average man." One of the producers interjects by insisting "But with a little sex in it." Not to be deterred, Sullivan continues by saying "A little, but I don't want to stress it. I want to hold a mirror up to life. I want this to be a picture of dignity...a true canvas of the suffering of humanity." With a little sex thrown in for good measure, naturally.

In the hands of the Coen Brothers, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* is a commentary of the conditions brought about by the Depression, as indicated by Wash Hogwallop, having betrayed the three protagonists Everett, Pete, and Delmar to the police and saying "Sorry Pete! I know we're kin. But they got this Depression on, and I gotta do fer me and mine!" This is approximately the same time period that Sullivan was referring to when he states "modern conditions," since *Sullivan's Travels* was being made in 1941, at the tail end of the Great Depression.

Conversely, the Coens also appear to have given in to the demands of the producers, as *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* is not a picture of dignity, but a rollicking musical comedy, containing a seductive musical number involving three Sirens where the sexual aspect is not stressed, as per Sullivan's wishes. This was also in following the suggestion to make a musical, where Sullivan responds with "How can you talk about musicals at a time like this?" referring of course to the sagging economy and growing unemployment numbers. By the film's end, Sullivan learns that "there's a lot to be said for making people laugh."

In *The Odyssey*, the main character, Ulysses, has been away for many years, and is trying to find his way home to his wife Penelope. In his quest to get home, he encounters many adventures and characters on the way. However, his family has thought him dead during his absence. In *Sullivan's Travels*, Sullivan embarks on many adventures. When he goes on his last trip he is knocked uncon-

scious and robbed by a tramp who had also previously stolen Sullivan's boots containing his identification cards. The tramp is hit by a train and killed after hiding Sullivan's unconscious body in a freight car. Like Ulysses, Sullivan is thought dead due to the discovery of the identification cards found on the tramp. Sullivan is later arrested for trespassing and attacking a railroad worker who accosts him when he staggers out of the freight car, evidently suffering from amnesia. He is sentenced to be a part of a chain gang, where he recovers his memory, and then sets forth to try to escape the prison farm and return home to Hollywood.

The plotline to *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* also follows *The Odyssey*, as the main protagonist Ulysses Everett McGill (George Clooney) sets out on a journey home, after working on a chain gang for quite some time. However, the Coens add a twist to their version of the story, as Ulysses' wife, Penny, is aware that he is alive and initiates divorce proceedings during his time at the penal farm. However, she has told their daughters that their father had died after being hit by a train.

Both films are broad satiric comedies. *Sullivan's Travels* is a satire on Hollywood itself, as it shows the mechanisms of the studio system and how movies are made. By focusing the plot on a film director going about disguised as a tramp, the self-referential nature of the picture is set in motion. Mr. Sturges even uses the Paramount backlot as a key location in the film.

Much of the humour in both films derive from the inside jokes. In the screening room when Sullivan jumps up into the projector beam, Mr. Sturges mimics the shot in *Citizen Kane* (1941) in the newsreel projection room. He also visually quotes *I Am Fugitive From A Chain Gang* (1932), in the shots of the men working on the chain gang in the swamp that Sullivan is sent to after being convicted. The Coens also mimic this same panning shot, when the three protagonists, who were escaping the chain gang, cut through a swamp in the race to get to their treasure.

Part of the enjoyment in watching *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* comes from watching how it lampoons *Sullivan's Travels*. *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* mimics many shots from *Sullivan's Travels*, especially

in the scene when Everett and Delmar are in a movie theatre, and the chain gang trots in, double time, and line up in rows. At the end of *Sullivan's Travels*, the chain gang, including Sullivan, trots into a church in a line, and is seated in rows to enjoy a comedy reel.

At the beginning of *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* as the three men run in the fields, still chained together, they run to a travelling train and try to board the boxcar one at a time. Everett is the first to climb in, then Delmar manages to get in, but Pete stumbles outside and falls on his face, yanking Delmar out, followed by Everett being flipped onto his face, and then pulled out of the boxcar. The tramps sitting inside the boxcar watch, unimpressed, much like the tramps in *Sullivan's Travels* when Sullivan and the Girl climb into the boxcar with much difficulty.

O Brother, Where Art Thou? also lampoons other film genres, such as the musical and the art cinema. The KKK's ritual dance looks much like a Busby Berkeley dance number, and the end sequence with the flooding of Everett's cabin is very reminiscent of Michelangelo Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* (1969). The end of *Zabriskie Point* is comprised of a giant flood, with bright, colourful products representing mass consumerism floating past the underwater camera in close-up, like Everett's Dapper Dan cans.

Both Mr. Sturges and the Coens parody the cinema and its conventions, but both are also careful to leave room for comedic moments for those unfamiliar with the references. One must confess that much of the enjoyment in watching these two films come from picking out the references.

O, Brother: B+ Sullivan's: B

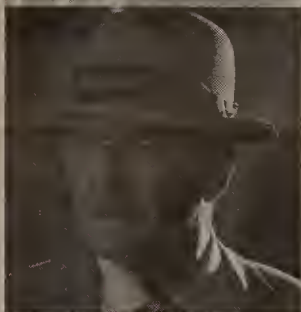


By The Numbers

September

Box Office Top Five

Rush Hour 2	219m
The Others	87m
Rat Race	54m
Hardball	26.3m
The Musketeer	25.5m



Critical Summary

Amelie - A
 Bully - C-
 Enigma - B
 Glass House - D
 Glitter - C-
 Hardball - B-
 Hearts in Atlantis - B+
 Jeepers Creepers - B+
 The Musketeer - D+
 O - C+
 Rock Star - C-
 Serendipity - C-
 Training Day - C
 Waking Life - A-



GLITTER
 Dir. Vondie Curtis-Hall
 Mariah Carey
 20th Century Fox

BARI GOODIS & JENNIFER VELLA

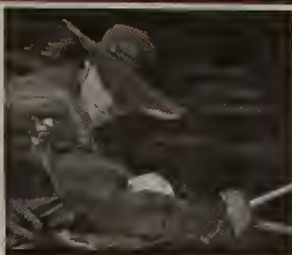
If you take the "G" out of *Glitter*, you will find yourself left with the word "Litter" and a perfect way to describe the travesty that is Mariah Carey's two-hour musical/melodrama wannabe *Glitter*.

Glitter, a simplistic yet strangely convoluted film, tells the story of rising star Billie Frank who is discovered while singing backup in a club in New York by a DJ named Dice who promises to help her break into the music business. This movie is basically the retelling of Mariah's life story (even though she emphatically claims that it isn't) and because of this, we know what the outcome of the film will be before we even bother entering the theater.

As we sat there watching Mariah and wondering why she barely utters a line of dialogue for the first half of the movie, we found myself hoping that she would get hit by a truck or seriously wounded as she scurried across the busy streets of Manhattan. This isn't to say that we wish Ms. Carey any harm, however such a crisis would have afforded *Glitter* some much-needed zest and possibly saved it from its impending doom. Not only does this film lack a coherent plot and purpose, it seems to be paying homage to the art cinema genre by having inconsistently motivated characters and a narrative that is comprised of a set of loosely linked episodes that are edited together much like a 1980s techno music video complete with jarring sound effects.

The most entertaining character in the movie was the oddly-shaped smear of silver glitter that appeared in various locations on Mariah's body throughout the film. Like a little kid trying to locate Waldo in a sea of red and white stripped shirts, we frantically searched for Glitter and was miraculously able to locate her every time Mariah changed outfits. This engaging activity kept us busy as we waited for Mariah to sing her current single *Never Too Far*, which signaled that her reign as Billie was finally coming to an end.

There are good films, there are bad films, and then there's *Glitter* - a film that falls perfectly into the category of movies that are so bad that they are genuinely hilarious, only they were never intended to be classified as comedies in the first place. But don't cry for her Argentina, with another movie already completed and a multi-million dollar record contract with Virgin Records, it isn't likely that *Glitter* will do Mariah much harm in the long run. C-



THE MUSKETEER
 Dir. Peter Hyams
 Tim Roth, Mena Suvari
 Universal

REBECCA SPRING & AARON FORSTER

A few years back, we saw one of the now numerous *Musketeer* movies, you know, the one with Chris O'Donnell? Let's just say we were less than impressed with it. Certainly won't get into the details of that version since the film in question is Peter Hyams's new "reimagining" of *The Musketeer*. Suffice it to say, if we ever feel the need to see the *Three Musketeers* again, we'll just wait for Mr. O'Donnell's version to air on TV.

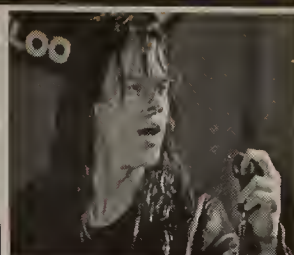
The young D'Artagnan, as played by Justin Chambers, has few talents besides looking good and fighting like he is in the wrong movie. Choreographer Yuen Wo-Ping apparently was not told that the movie takes place in France, so the tone of the fight sequences are nonetheless misplaced. We suppose we should not be so quick to judge Mr. Wo-Ping after his terrific display of talent in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. We understand that a director would want the scene to have 'authentic' features, but whimsical candle-lighting does not cut it. Squinting moviegoers are not happy viewers. Much of the picture's choreography is lost in the darkness.

Some salvation comes from Tim Roth who plays the Musketeer's arch nemesis, Febe. It always saves a bad movie when some of the actors obviously sympathize with the audience. Mr. Roth takes his lines just far enough to make the audience smile, maybe laugh, but without crossing into blatant satire.

As a young boy, D'Artagnan watches as his parents are brutally murdered by a black-clad Febe. D'Artagnan vows revenge, trains to become a Musketeer, and is finally charged with reviving the spirit of the now lethargic Musketeer brethren. In the meantime, our young hero manages to save the King and Queen (twice) as well as become romantically involved with a scullery maid played by Mena Suvari. Unfortunately, this romance does not develop beyond the usual semantics of superficial Hollywood Romanticism.

The movie is filled with fight scenes. Whenever D'Artagnan starts a conversation, it usually concludes with bloodshed. None of the combat choreography equals that of Mr. Wo-Ping's earlier films, nor does it compare to the average Jackie Chan flick.

There's so much to talk about in a movie of this depth. We could go on for pages about the sexual tension between D'Artagnan and his horse, but we must stop ourselves. If it's the Musketeers you crave, then avoid this convoluted mess and let Chris O'Donnell brighten your day. D+



ROCK STAR
 Dir. Stephen Herek
 Mark Wahlberg, Jennifer Aniston
 Warner Bros.

JACOB TIERNEY

A crying shame. *Rock Star*, director Stephen Herek's ode to crappy 80's hair rock, is so close to reaching a *Showgirls*-calibre level of crap it can almost taste it, but alas, it will have to settle for being just a terrible movie, instead of a film so terrible it's a delight.

The movie starts off on the right track: Mark Wahlberg (so good in *Boogie Nights*, so bad in *Planet of the Apes*) stars as the lead singer, Chris Cole, and most devoted fan, of a "tribute band" to a group modelled after Judas Priest. He does the whole get-up: mascara, leather pants, feathered hair and trophy wife, or in this case, really sweet high school girlfriend, Emily (Jennifer Aniston, *The Object of My Affection*).

The first act of this movie is a non-stop laugh riot that even includes an old-school turf war between Mr. Wahlberg's cover band and a rival band after a concert by their shared heroes. (I was waiting for a choreographed dance number that never came.)

Finally, Chris gets his dream call - the real band has fired their lead singer (because he's gay) and they want Marky Mark to front them. Bitchin'. The movie then slides into stupefying blandness for about the next hour as the group rehearses, tours, becomes successful and corrupts the little boy from Pittsburgh. The first sign that things could get better comes when Emily announces that she and another "ornament" from the entourage are going to start a business in Seattle, which forces Chris to confront the film's profound themes. Namely, does it suck to sing other people's songs your whole life? Actually, yes, if you're busy inventing grunge rock while your girlfriend invents Starbucks. I'm not kidding.

Unfortunately, the movie doesn't live up to its phenomenally crazy ending. The band only ever seems to play one song - and the song is not only bad, it's not even catchy. Mr. Wahlberg and Ms. Aniston do their best with paper-thin roles and under the TV movie stylings of Mr. Herek - who, let's not forget, has brought us such memorable films as *Mr. Holland's Opus*. It's hard to work up the nerve to care much one way or the other about drivel like *Rock Star*, that is actually a celebration of an artistry-free genre of music. How post-modern: crap that's about crap. Whoa. If you're really bored, there are probably worse movies to choose from, but otherwise rent a good rock'n'roll movie with good music that features actors and filmmakers who actually seem to care about what they're doing, like *Hard Core Logo*. C-



O
Dir. Tim Blake Nelson
Julia Stiles, Mehki Phifer
Alliance Atlantis

REBECCA MOSKOWITZ

Even without the beauty of the Shakespearean language, Tim Blake Nelson's modernized *Othello*, O, is powerfully tragic. Staying true to Shakespeare's theme, O emanates the magnitude of the sadness that can result from minute human flaws—in this case, the ease to which people become jealous. On some levels, the movie comments on racism, athletics, and popularity but at its conclusion, the most potent and disturbing message is about the power of jealousy to quickly turn love to hate and happiness to horror.

Although he is the only black student at a private boarding school in the Deep South, Odin James, O, (Mehki Phifer) is respected by his teammates, loved by his coach (Martin Sheen), and adored by his fans. Like Othello, Odin is revered for his skill and wit in battle, except that, unlike Othello, Odin's passion is for basketball and not the battlefield. His talents and charm have earned Odin popularity but, more importantly, the love of the dean's beautiful, white daughter Desi (Julia Stiles). However, O's assets that have earned him everyone's respect only add fuel to the fiery jealousy of Coach Goulding's son, Hugo (Josh Harnett), who is also Odin's teammate and "friend". Tired of being unnoticed and living in Odin's shadow, Hugo unceasingly uses his strength in manipulating others to reach his goal—the downfall of the much-loved Odin James. Through a twisted and devious plan, Hugo uses Desi's best friend, Emily (Rain Phoenix), and another boy, Roger (Elden Henson) to create a story that has Desi being unfaithful with Odin's teammate Mike. Eventually, Hugo's unrelenting hatred brings about the bloody death of five innocent teenagers.

While Odin is the focus to the characters in the movie, it is Hugo who captures the audience's attention or more poignantly, disbelief, because of his psychopathic obsession with revenge and his unfeeling heart. Moreover, the movie touches on the issue of trust in friends, as both Odin and Desi are betrayed by friends closest to them and Desi by Odin who rapes her while on a romantic getaway. After the rape scene, the movie continues to surprise with ghastly acts that exemplify the ease with which a life can be taken—expressed mostly through Hugo's blind rage killing of his girlfriend, Emily.

Missing some of the magic that makes a movie great, O captures the essence of Shakespeare's much revered tragedy *Othello*. C+



BULLY
Dir. Larry Clarke
Nick Stahl, Brad Renfro
Alliance Atlantis

JACOB TIERNEY

Larry Clarke is an American oddity. A brilliant photographer who in recent years has taken to making films that seem to be extensions of his pictures. Sounds all right so far, the only trouble is that in his brief snapshots of lost and wandering youth, Mr. Clarke didn't have to work with film conceits like tone, narrative and theme.

A picture can say a thousand words, but a movie doesn't speak for itself. So, in extending his photographic art, Larry Clarke has allowed the world glimpses of his thoughts on youth and *Bully* seems to be his penultimate expression following the interesting *Kids* and the hysterically bad *Another Day in Paradise*.

Bully is the story of a bully. Go figure. Marry played by Brad Renfro (*The Client*), has been abused by his best friend since they were kids. The titular character is played by Nick Stahl, and though he is indeed cruel and nasty, no insight is offered into why Mr. Renfro would bother sticking around and what, if anything, their friendship used to be based on. But that's not important to Larry Clarke. Mr. Renfro gets a new girlfriend, played by the unwatchable Rachel Miner (of marriage to Macaulay Culkin fame) who gets a gang of other kids together to plot and kill Mr. Stahl's character. It's sort of more complicated than that, but really it isn't.

Set in the bored suburban world of Hollywood, Florida, *Bully* is chalked full of teen sex, rape, violence and terrible acting. Watching Ms. Miner's hatred of Mr. Stahl develop into a full-fledged Lady Macbethish need to draw blood is about as captivating as watching paint dry. The only entertaining part of the film comes in the guise of Michael Pitt (*Hedwig and the Angry Inch*) who at least shows a spark of life, in spite of the fact that Mr. Clarke uses and abuses him as sitcom style comic relief.

The engaging thing about this film is that all of the actors seem uncomfortable in the positions they have put in, leading one to the conclusion that the real bully of this film is not Mr. Stahl, but Larry Clarke himself. No one wants to watch Mr. Renfro and Ms. Miner have sex more than Mr. Clarke does, and no one profits more from the pain of these characters than he does either. A vacant and ugly excursion into the lives of people no one cares about, *Bully* probably would have played well as a black comedy in the hands of a talented director like Gus Van Sant, but stands now as *teensploitation* masquerading as Art. At least Bitney Spears doesn't pretend to be PJ Harvey. C-



HARDBALL
Dir. Brian Robbins
Keanu Reeves
Warner Bros.

SARAH HUBMANN

Can a sport ransom an existence oriented towards egoism and self-destruction, and give back pride and hope to a group of young black boys, who live in a periphery where misery and violence are part of everyday reality? According to the author of the film *Hardball*, yes.

When Connor O'Neal (Keanu Reeves) is suggested to train a baseball team composed by young black people, he accepts above all to be able to pay the debts he has with some loan sharks, that pursue him. And when his problems seem to be solved, he is resolved to abandon this group of boys, that by this time believe in him and in his promise to win the baseball championship. But now, every one of those young faces has entered his heart, as well as that of all people who have seen the film.

Everyone has his own story of pain and suffering, but also of hope and joy for the opportunity that baseball gives them to forget even only for one moment their dreary daily existence.

I will not easily forget the smile and the particular way of Jamal's swaying (Michael B. Jordan) while he throws the ball, as only he is able to do. I am also sure that the small G—Baby (DeWayne Warren), too young to play baseball and surely too young to die. His sweet smile and his way of speaking frankly and sincerely (even too much) will be remained impressed in the mind of many spectators.

On the whole I believe the film is good but not exceptional; Mr. Reeves is surely not up to his best performances like *Matrix* (1999) or *The Devil's Advocate* (1997), and the plot is not particularly brilliant and original, but the film still presents some elements that can not be underestimated. One element among all: the young protagonists, which are very expressive and which give us comic and moving moments that counterbalances the acting undertone of Mr. Reeves. I suggest to baseball fans to go to see *Hardball*, to rediscover their favorite sport under a different light, which makes us reflect on values that go beyond sport. For who, instead, does not know this sport, the film can be an occasion to discover young talents not only sporty. B-



AMELIE
Dir. Jean-Pierre Jeunet
Audrey Tautou, Matieu Kassovitz
Alliance Atlantis

MIRIAM KRAJDEN

Released in North America under the shortened title *Amelie*, *Le Fabuleux Destin d'Amelie Poulain* is a film that captures one's attention and gives one a renewed sense of hope and faith in the positivity and kindness of the human spirit.

Set in Paris, the movie begins with a view into the quasi-normal childhood of the title character (magnificently played by Audrey Tautou's French doppelganger, Audrey Tautou). Amelie's parents are melodramatic and slightly nutty and her upbringing resembles a sort of surreal-realism; everything about them seems normal but there is an endearing abnormality that lies just beneath the surface, barely hidden from view.

When we next see Amelie, she is around twenty-two years old and working as a waitress in a brasserie. Her early childhood offers a glimpse into her present-day personality; she is kind, but not condescending, considerate, but not patronising. She is, essentially, someone one might not approach, but if one is lucky enough to know her, one will be rewarded with her benevolent meddling. But for all her kindness, Amelie does not appear to have a life outside of work.

Indeed, her personal life seems to be wholly centred on helping others. All that changes when she recovers a photo-album that someone has lost, and makes a game out of returning it to its rightful owner. The owner, as it were, is Nino (played by Mathieu Kassovitz) whose days are spent in metro stations scraping photographs from underneath photo-booths. His nouveau-art does not come off as trendy or trifling, but rather sweet with an underlying sadness.

Indeed, Amelie and Nino are a lot alike; in an attempt to make themselves feel whole both make use of others (Amelie does so by actively involving herself in people's lives, while Nino does so passively, content to look at their pictures).

The acting is stellar; subtlety reigns supreme in *Amelie* and each actor gives a nuanced performance that rivals some of the English-speaking world's greatest actors. The talent of the cast and crew allows the beauty of each component—the story, the writing, the cinematography, and the music—to shine without overshadowing each other.

The Paris of *Amelie* is a world of magic and enchantment, where anything can happen and, if Amelie can help it, anything will. A

TOOL

September 18th @ Air Canada Centre

KIMBERLY MULHOLLAND

Los Angeles based hard rock group TOOL hit the Air Canada Centre in traditional explosive rock fashion on September 18. It had been five long years since TOOL had visited Toronto. They made a short stop in Barrie this summer for Edgefest but that only encapsulated a small glimpse of what this band is capable of on stage. Their eerie mystery gives them the aura and edge that draws fans in. This was definitely seen with the 15 000 people who flooded the Air Canada Centre. Tension and suspense quickly built as TOOL stepped upon the stage. The pressure exploded once the band ripped into the hard hitting songs *The Grudge* from the latest disc *Lateralus* and then the stirring crowd pleaser *Stinkfist* from 1996's *Aenima*. The set was

packed with noise and the intense epic songs were etched into the mind long after they were over. TOOL gave out simultaneously an ethereal and calm mood while being powerful and hard driving. This show was an imagery loaded and visually stunning experience. Mysterious frontman Maynard James Keenan took a back seat on stage and placed himself behind the rest of the band. He was silhouetted against a screen of surreal sensory images perfectly suited to TOOL's psycho melodic sound. The screen and images were a visual translation for the thought processes reached and interpreted from the music. The disturbing yet captivating images were a central part of the atmosphere. Maynard's lurching movements resembled a mechanical puppet with all manoeuvres being controlled by every beat and groove, yet every

move seemed so personally mastered and intimately coordinated. TOOL had the ability to teeter on the borderline and entrance the crowd in a calming mystic fantasy then jarr them with a demonic roar of drums, bass, guitar and seething vocals. The tracks for the night were so powerful they skewed and controlled all senses. TOOL took the crowd on a mesmerizing ride where they would heave into demonic rock songs such as *46&2*, *Schism* and *Lateralus* creating a heavy and relentless crowd, and then drift into the gorgeous seething tracks of *Disposition*, *Reflection* and *The Patient*. The middle of the set was marked with some hard moments but the energy seemed to wane until Maynard cut into the 1996 hit *Aenima* taunting the crowd to burst into a chaotic frenzy. The moment seemed to end just as it started. For

long time fans the stage show was a reveling experience full of intrigue along with an almost soothing passion and haunting sensation. It was a near spiritual awakening for most there. Maynard spoke to the crowd near the end of the show leaving them a message to take home. He somberly urged the audience to "remember how you're feeling at this moment; good, bad or indifferent. Take these feelings home and over the months use them and do something creative. Do something positive for the world". The show made one remember that the essence of rock lay in the live visual presentation. TOOL didn't leave any fan disappointed and continued to show their domination as one of the few credible rock bands around today.

Backstreet Boys Black and Blue Tour 2001

September 13th @ Air Canada Centre

NINA HAIKARA

"I'm scared..." My friend's eyes echoed the feeling as she held her hands to her ears. Video images of AJ, Howie D., Brian, Nick and Kevin appeared on the video screen above, sending the underage crowd into a fury. "What really scares me," she added. "Is that half of this place is filled with parents - who are not screaming!" The show must go on... The Backstreet Boys were sitting in their Toronto hotel room, watching the September 11th tragedy unfold on their television screens. They later discovered that a member of their stage crew had been a passenger on the ill-fated flight from Boston to Los Angeles. The Boys kept their September 12th - 14th dates in

Toronto and donated \$1.00 from every ticket to relief efforts. The tour had previously been postponed from its original July dates, to allow member AJ McClean to seek treatment for alcohol abuse and depression.

Let the brainwashing begin. When representatives of Kellogg's Pop-tarts and Polaroid I-zone camera, official tour sponsors, appeared on stage ¼ the event began to feel like one big commercial. "Kevin was backstage eating a Kellogg's strawberry Pop-tart...and I have the other half!" Yeah. Probably because Pop-tarts taste like cardboard and he couldn't bring himself to eat the whole tart.

Greed. The cost of a Backstreet Boys show for the average fan is staggering. \$149 (still subject to tax and service

charge) per floor seat ticket. Prices for level seating is no better at \$100. Add \$30 for a glossy, over-sized tour book. \$10 will buy you an official BSB glow-stick. These are among your basic costs. Add in the cost of other merchandise (sold in the stands, three-ring circus style), traveling to the ACC and eating at the venue --- it becomes one very expensive night out, for an unemployed 10-year-old --- and their employed parents.

Don't blame Britney. Or Christina. The sexual image of pop music is not a new topic. Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera have often been accused for exposing much more than their naval and for the sexual content of their music videos. Yet the boys are equally accountable. The BSB prove

their manhood by grabbing it often or pointing in its direction. They would intentionally bend over to the screams of delight from the audience.

"Oh AJ...!" After you add in all the dynamics involved - lights, choreographed routines, back-up dancers, costumes, and bad skits with bad acting --- the (bad) music is secondary to the "show." Yet judging by the squeals emitted from my roommate and her younger sister, it can be said that no fan walked away disappointed, that night or any night the Backstreet Boys took to the stage. I on the other hand --- as my ears continued to ring from hearing loss --- could not help but feel a little black and blue.

After Worldwide Sales of 20 Million Albums, Solo Says So-long to Savage Garden

A Fan's Reflections...

NINA HAIKARA

The passage of time is a concept that is sometimes difficult to grasp. Looking forward, a year can feel like an eternity. While looking back, the year passed too quickly. October 5th, 2001 marked the end of almost five years – and the realization of how long ago it all began though it only feels like yesterday.

"I thought you were actually *in* a band...you speak of it so *intimately*."
– Former roommate

It all began with a euro-80s sounding song about falling in love in a dream, called "I Want You" (*Savage Garden*, 1997). Its up-beat rhythm and contagious lyrics had me hooked. The Internet became a useful research tool in finding out everything and anything about the song – and the artists behind it.

With pop-music that pleases, Australian-duo *Savage Garden* became my first and favourite band. Following the success of "I Want You" came the twice-released "To the Moon & Back" (a hit in Australia that was never grasped in the United States) and the history-making "Truly Madly Deeply." Their self-titled debut scored them 13 nominations at the Australian Recording Industry Awards (ARIA) – of which they won 10 – a first at the ARIAs.

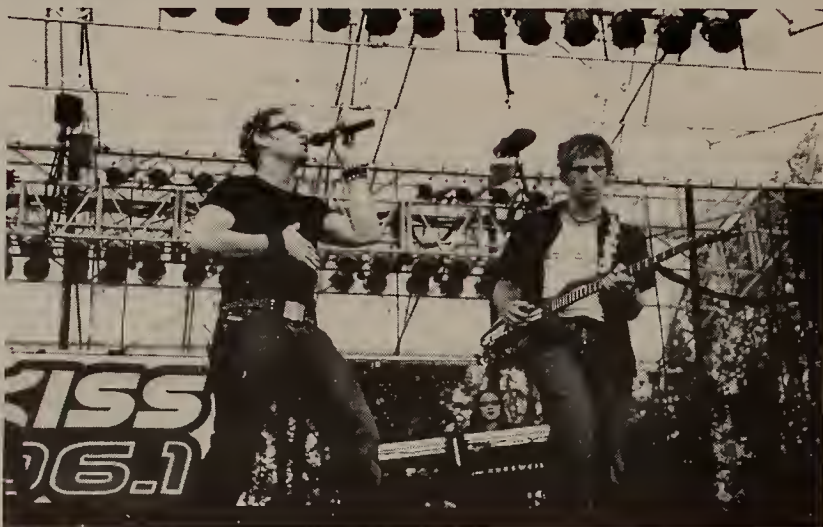
1998 brought their first North American tour. Though it seemed normal at the time, looking back it's strange that my parents allowed me to fly alone to Toronto to see *Savage Garden* perform at the Molson Amphitheatre, putting them in the category of pop-parents (i.e. *Backstreet Boys*) who will spend ridiculous amounts on money for the sake of their children's entertainment. (Thanks Mom and Dad.)

The following year brought the release of their sophomore effort, entitled *Affirmation* (1999) – an album that is not worth the plastic it is printed on – thus making me *Savage Garden's* dedicated fan and worst critic. Radio-friendly hits, "I Knew I Loved You," "Crash and Burn," and "Affirmation," were lyrically empty strings of clichés, lacking the metaphors and mystery of the first album and b-side material.

"And when its over, you'll breathe again..."
– *Crash and Burn*

When the band declared a hiatus would follow the 87 date *Affirmation World Tour*, my fan-friends and I knew that no third album would follow. Many fans continued to hold on to hope, thinking that some day *Savage Garden* would be once more.

Oddly, I feel vindicated that well... I was right.



Seeing Savage Garden for the last time . . . memorial stadium Seattle, WA, September 2, 2000.

In speaking with Australian journalist Cameron Adams, lead-singer, Darren Hayes, in foot-in-mouth fashion, answered questions regarding the fate of *Savage Garden*, now that his solo album *Spin* is set for release in early 2002. Hayes stated that the band is over.

Though Hayes – in his stupidity – believed that the article would not be published for a few weeks. Yet news of the break-up was in every Australian and music publication the following day – much to the surprise of *Savage Garden's* other half, Daniel Jones.

Jones held a press conference in which he stated he was fine with Hayes's decision. "[Hayes] felt he needed to burn that bridge," said Jones to local Brisbane radio station B105.

Hayes tells another story, making a plea/statement to the on-line community on his website (www.darrenhayes.com) that Jones quit the group prior the release of *Affirmation*. Jones has never stated publicly that he quit the band, at any point in time.

The details of who quit why and when may never be cleared. I have yet to question whether I care. As Hayes stated, "I didn't leave the band. The band left me."

"You get back ten times what you give freely..."
– *Love Can Move You*

"Fandom" is an exhausting experience, one that I doubt I will ever be lured into again. Being a fan has

its financial (concert tickets, fan-club memberships, CDs), physical (running across a football field to reach front row; subjecting myself to three hours of George Clinton and the Parliament Funkadelics, just to see a 45 minute set) and emotional (meeting the band/not meeting the band) costs. Unless you've experienced being a fan, you can't understand it. Though I can tell you, it was worth it.

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Tori Amos

Strange Little Girls

KIMBERLY MULHOLLAND

The original rock goddess, Tori Amos, has reemerged bringing with her a unique and almost revolutionary new album. *Strange Little Girls* takes a new direction. Nothing like this has been attempted or released by any other artist before her. This is not surprising since Amos has always gone against the grain of the music scene and spurred wide controversy with her albums. *Strange Little Girls* takes a new and fascinating concept. The album is a compilation of tracks composed and written by males and reinterpreted and remastered with the perception and view of a female. Amos has taken original versions and covered them in respect to how a woman would hear, listen, feel and interpret the lyrics and music. *Strange Little Girls* is definitely created typical Tori style. Her high breathless voice and passionate cascading sounds on the piano are all present in this album. Amos has a hugely dedicated and almost devout underground following. Long time fans will cherish this disc while new fans might be indifferent. It's a difficult listen initially due to the nature and complexity of the subject matter, but Amos delivers the message. Once you listen to it openly and honestly you will arrive at the true meaning and concept hidden in the shadows of the music. It requires a few listens to gain a true appreciation but that's not too dissimilar of any of her albums. Amos compiles songs from artists such as The Beatles, Depeche Mode, Lou Reed, Neil Young and the Stranglers. One of the most shocking and chilling covers is Eminem's '97 *Bonnie and Clyde*. The vision Amos takes is obscure and disturbing in the haunting imagery portrayed. Each song has a coinciding female character that Amos has envisioned. Even the inside album cover has herself transformed into a different female character depicted for each individual song, as she uncovers the personalities she captures from each song. Amos demonstrates her deep respect for all the musicians by her remakes. Each song is grafted in a specific order and flows perfectly. A song can create a powerful resonance with different people depending on certain situations and interpretations. Amos demonstrates this beautifully on this disc. Tori Amos's pure strength and beauty of music shines with *Strange Little Girls* and no fan will be disappointed.

The Visible Band

Travis is seen and heard at Massey Hall

September 30th

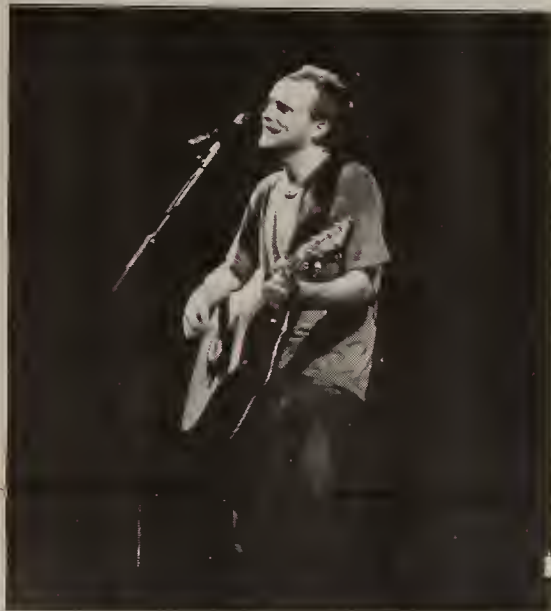
NINA HAIKARA

Scottish rock/pop/alternative band Travis, explains that the title of their latest release *The Invisible Band* is a reference to how on radio, the artist is invisible to the listener. Yet even with the marketing machine behind music today, Travis has remained invisible beyond the radio in North America.

After top selling singles and albums in the United Kingdom, in addition to two Brit 2000 Awards for Best Band and Album (The Man Who), bassist Douglas Payne would perhaps have to be more cautious when walking up the street, in Glasgow. Yet, this can be done with anonymous freedom on Yonge Street in Toronto.

A fan holds a copy of Pulse magazine. On the cover, the Glasgow group is wrapped in an American flag with the headline in bold print: "Who is Travis?" The same question was asked by each passing on-looker, who peered into the window of the MuchMusic studio. Can't blame them for asking. Had it not been for their guest appearance during UK singer Dido's summer tour, I would have asked the same question, responded with the typical, "Never heard of them," and walked on.

A band that was first described as "the new Radiohead" (Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich has worked on the last two Travis albums) and has later become the standard of comparison - "Coldplay is the new Travis," - seem stuck between the success of those before and those that have followed. Even with celebrity support - Noel Gallagher of Oasis and most unlikely of all, Hanson - the band retains limited success in parts outside the UK. The question - "Who is Travis?" - may be never answered in full.



Travis front man Fran Healy, dedicates the track "Twenty" to all the 20 year olds in the audience.

237 shows in support of The Man Who have practiced Travis to become the best of live performers. The group was well received with screams and applause bringing large portions of the capacity crowd to their feet from the moment they hit the stage. Sing opened the set followed by Writing to Reach You.

Lead-singer Fran Healy often took time between songs to speak and inspire the audience. In casual and friendly manner, he invited an old friend seated in the audience to come backstage after the show. He also sat down at one point to remove an uncomfortable "odor eater" insole, which was later tossed into the audience, like a cherished prize, even though Healy was at first reluctant claiming, "That's gross!"

Inspiration came in the form of songs like the new single, Side and the "Travis Social Experiment," a request by Healy to each audience member to go out the next day and perform one random act of kindness. "You rock us and we rock you," said Healy.

The performance took an emotional turn during tracks Last Train and the haunting Flashing Blue Light. Five large, over-sized blue police lights were used as the main lighting for the powerful song about spousal and child abuse.

The show ended with Happy from the first album, Good Feeling - both perfect descriptions for what every audience member was sure to walk away with. Those that already know who Travis is, look forward to their spring return.

I Still Like The Frosh, But They Don't Like Me

STEVE BYZANTINE



The month of September flew by, and most of it was dominated by the aftermath of the terrorist attack on September 11th. The event has allowed just about everyone to think that they are an expert on international politics, US foreign policy, international law, world history, unidentified terrorists' agenda, and Canadian defence policy. The quality of opinion pieces in the major Canadian newspapers has been on average amazingly poor, with certain columnists (who will not be named) submitting idiotic opinion after idiotic opinion week after week to national circulation. The news was dominated by coverage of the aftermath, even when there was nothing to report. Following this trend, this month's Herald is also dominated by opinions about September 11th, and the quality of these opinions is for the readers to judge. Unfortunately, the dynamic nature of the situation has the potential to invalidate or make irrelevant the opinions presented, as any number of things may occur between the time they were submitted and their subsequent publication.

I'm disappointed by the lack of submissions this month, which may seem odd since there were so many, but I'm fairly certain I would have received none had it not been for the events of September 11th. I beg Innis students to prove me wrong next month. If students wish to participate in something constructive, I again encourage them to join OCAP on October 16th when it takes action to Shut Down Bay Street. The premier, who in this editor's opinion is as vile, hateful, and dishonest as politicians come, has proven his value to the people once again, as addressed in another opinion piece. For the less politically inclined (it is easier to avoid reality), the web site www.project3media.com is definitely worth checking out. With the administration and submissions exclusively student-based, and writing by the opinion section editor (as if there wasn't enough of his writing to read already), submissions of various kinds (not just written) from Innis students are welcome.

In all, I am pleased that the section received submissions, but I would also like to see them come when the topic is not on every front page for three weeks. Responses to the pieces are also welcome, as the authors write them in part to provoke thought.

As for less substantial topics, frosh week and the first pub night leave me with different conclusions about this year's frosh. Hart Farm, normally the culmination of the week, saw the smallest group in attendance in years, while attendance at the first pub night was perhaps the greatest ever. Could people have really been that tired by the end of the week? It does not seem likely, since previous years have been more physical and yet ended with a greater turnout. Perhaps readers can write in and explain it to me. Or I will go to my grave with the question unanswered in my mind. Nevertheless, frosh week was quite enjoyable, even as this tired editor gets on in years.

The editor would like to note with regret the absence of a submission from Julia MacArthur, the best thing that has ever happened to the opinion section.

Let us not forget the Primrose pub night, (which occurred shortly before the section was completed) where attendance was substantial despite the access to prostitutes and drug dealers on Carlton (plainly visible from outside the hotel). A fun-loving atmosphere was indeed present, and the familiar DJ and overcrowded bar made for a fine Innis scene. In any event, this talkative old editor was unable to meet anyone from the Primrose. Too few frosh talk to the opinion section editor. Hence the title.

U of T Afghan Students' Association Condemns Terrorist Attacks on USA

The Afghan Students' Association (ASA) at the University of Toronto strongly condemns the brutal terrorist attacks on New York and Washington, and expresses its sincere condolences to the families of the innocent victims. We are greatly appalled by these inhumane acts. Unfortunately, civilians are always the ones directly affected by such tragedies.

During these emotional times, as we strive to investigate the culprits who are responsible for these acts, it is of the utmost importance that we exercise patience in deciding our next step. Terrorism is an international phenomenon and almost all the nations of the world are in one way or another its victims. Terrorism is not related in any way to any religion, culture or nation. However, due to the irresponsible approach of some members of the media, people have been manipulated into thinking that terrorism is related to Islam and to certain nations such as Afghanistan.

The ASA strongly believes that the individuals responsible for this tragedy be brought to justice. However, we express our deepest concerns at the recent news of an imminent attack by the United States on Afghanistan. It should be emphasized that Bin Ladin is not an Afghan. His presence in Afghanistan is not accepted by the people of Afghanistan despite the asylum given to him by the Taliban militia. The Taliban is a group of fanatic fundamentalists who are imposing their extreme interpretation of Islam upon the Afghan nation. They are depriving the Afghan people of their fundamental human rights such as the freedom of speech, the freedom of religion, and women's rights, etc. Any full-scale attack on Afghanistan would result in further suffering and misery for our people, and enormous civilian casualties. Therefore, the American authorities should consider ways to avoid civilian casualties.

Americans are not alone in this tragedy; Afghans and other Muslim communities in North America have also been affected by this tragic event. Some of us have even lost family and friends in these attacks; meanwhile, we are facing the prejudice and hatred of the local population in the U.S.A. as well as in Canada. Mosques have been targeted and women wearing Hejab have been assaulted. Thus, it is the responsibility of the American and Canadian governments to keep the society united and to avoid conflicts between various cultural groups.

The Big Spin

ALIM LALANI



Four planes, three devastated buildings, thousands of lives lost...quite the cliché statement in an opinion column, no? Indeed, journalists, arts students, and anyone else with a critical voice have devised their own twisted interpretation of the terrorist attacks that took place, and the labeling that inevitably followed. This is what I deem to be "The Big Spin."

Spin doctoring has been around longer than Kraft Dinner. Take for example the so-called "Islamic" terrorists that have been fingered as the culprits behind September 11th's attacks. Why do media outlets continue to refer to them as Muslims, Islamic clerics, and so on? Besides the denial of pork in their diet, they are clearly not affiliated with anything even close to the pillars of Islam! I am a Muslim, and I do not eat swine (or Kraft Dinner, since my mother loves me) either. Yet, I am forced to wear a label that associates me with demonic psychopaths who direct passenger airplanes into financial and military centers! Though I did find some jest in Iran's condolences, something to the effect of "Our sympathies are with pigs of The Great Satan America." Flag burning was suspended for a whole 23 minutes.

Tempers began to flare even further when President Bush Jr. took the liberty of publicly thanking that bastion of usefulness, El Salvador, but neglected good ol' Canada in his speech on September 20th. Canadian newspaper editorials attempted to explain Bush's memory lapse, holding back no emotion. This in turn spiked ignorant reactions from every Joe Six-pack across the country, with computer spell-checkers pushed to the limit with every two-finger typist trying to shell out their own brand of anti-American rhetoric. It seems we Canadians go out of our way to prove we are America's biggest small-town.

Even the hippies have come back in full force this time around. I came across a young 'man on the street' last week "rapping" his anti-Bush position to the adoring pedestrians. While I have been utterly shocked by the Bush administration's military restraint, this "groovy" fellow had already come to the conclusion that America had gone TOO FAR against Afghanistan! I could only imagine one of our distinguished veterans from the Second World War staggering towards this kid, and giving him: a) A haircut, b) A newspaper, c) A job. Of course, this is assuming that he was literate, and willing to sit still while a barber re-dignified his mess of blue hair. The spin hits the streets...

We should know better than to simply consult ONE source for the whole truth. Interpretation is relative to one's social background, so diversity in consultation will be the key to understanding this tragedy. Why not ask some old folks (AKA senior citizens, but for discount purposes only) for some insight? Anyone who sits in a cushiony reclining Lay-Z-Boy chair with a cup holder on one side, and a magazine/newspaper rack on the other, must know what they are ranting about! Just avoid the so-called candy on the coffee table.

Alim is a 2nd year Innis student studying commerce.

Point-Counterpoint

The Impending Catastrophe And How To Combat It

STEVEN JUG

"Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind." This quotation is as valid today as it was decades ago, some might say more relevant in regard to recent events in the United States. In any case, we are no closer to the realization of that idea than we were one, ten, or a hundred years ago.

This of course leaves the question of who said it. Some dirty hippie? One of those damn commies? A know-it-all philosopher? It was in fact an American, known as John F. Kennedy. Readers may have expected a condemnation of US foreign policy since 1945, the globalization that threatens to homogenize the economies and cultures of the world, or some other radical position, but that is not what follows.

This position may be radical, but only in its passivity. The terrorist attacks on September 11th do not justify war. There are events that justify war, but none that warrants American or NATO military action has occurred. Yet the leaders of the US and Great Britain have been employing provocative, belligerent, and even thoughtless rhetoric in the weeks since the terrorist attacks. Tony Blair, in a speech delivered on October 2nd, dismissed negotiation: "Look for a diplomatic solution. There is no diplomacy with bin Laden or the Taliban regime." Such belligerence is lauded by the mass media, which seems to be more supportive of war the more leaders discuss it. Diplomacy brought Slobodan Milosevic to trial, after bombing did not. And the Taliban itself has shown that it can cooperate with the West, as its banning of opium farming was followed by millions in international aid. Yet those who are anti-war are dismissed and often painted as anti-American, which is condemned as inexcusable through feats of poor memory and the glossing over of history.

It is interesting to consider that at the outbreak of the First World War that the people, the media, and most parties across the political spectrum supported their respective empires' entry into the war as valid and just. So in the present context, if this 'act of war' perpetrated by the terrorists is unjust and unexplainable, as well as barbaric and horrific, then why are we so willing to go to war and be guilty of the same crimes? We must oppose war and oppose condemning thousands more to die. What will we gain from this if we deign to the moral level of the guilty? It is said that we have not come very far from 1914.



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Britain and the US have already deployed military Special Forces on Afghanistan's territory in order to (presumably) capture Osama bin Laden, although it may be an advance reconnaissance force. Hopefully it is the former, for the latter will do no good for no one. For those readers who are unaware of contemporary Afghanistan (which has not been substantially addressed in the mass media), it is a tragically impoverished country where hundreds of thousands of people presently live on the brink of starvation. Infrastructure and other development are minimal, and the regime treats its people with a severity comparable to that of the Spanish Inquisition. War will be simultaneously ineffective (the people are suffering already, and there is little to attack with warplanes or tanks) and tragic. Trying to change the regime will in all likelihood not prove to be viable, because the collateral damage (that is, civilians murdered) will trigger an intense and effective popular resistance akin to that during the Soviet intervention from 1979-1989.

Simply, no good will come from war. Only in rare cases does war have an overall effect that is positive. This will not be one of them. At most, the status-quo loving media and political spin-doctors will portray it that way (think Kosovo), but considering what the aftermath of the Gulf War has meant for the people of Iraq, I think that there is little reason for optimism. There is the American public's desire for revenge to be sated, even at the price of civilian casualties (according to many polls found elsewhere), but that makes the idea of war no more valid. Rationality must endure, among leaders if not among the public. The US has nothing to lose by pursuing peaceful means to bring Osama bin Laden to justice. Its unwillingness to do so raises the question of why it will not. Why refuse to negotiate? If bin Laden's guilt is convincing and clearly demonstrated by the (presently circumstantial) evidence, why not use it to secure his detention? Will the attempt to negotiate not eliminate the Taliban's ability to reasonably refuse to surrender bin Laden to the US? In any case, the failure of negotiations will allow the US to credibly consider military options.

People should not expect simple solutions to complex problems. The pursuit of justice, patience on the part of the masses, and perhaps even negotiation are needed to avoid what seems to be an impending catastrophe. One positive development is the emergence of the Sept 11th Peace Coalition in Canada, which hopes to encourage the full use of international law, and the persecution of racism in Canada. War is not the way to build a better world. War should be the last resort in this or any situation. Instead, it may be the first or second. There is no state that exists to achieve world domination and racial annihilation. There is no great evil that justifies the lesser evil of war. Not Afghanistan, and not terrorism.

The Aftermath of September 11th

War And Revolution THE RENEGADE KAUTSKY

The events of September 11th have profoundly affected North American society, and perhaps that of the entire Western world. They also provide the Western public with an opportunity that was known only to our grandparents. That opportunity is to participate in a total war. War is bad, some might say, including the self-proclaimed history expert, Steven Jug. The same could be said of someone cutting into your throat. This might be true if it was a drug-crazed robber, but not if it was a doctor performing a life-saving tracheotomy. If we should avoid war as Mr. Jug asserts, then there must be substantial costs involved. We should ask what there is to lose by going to war, both for the West, and for Afghanistan. Then it will be clear whether or not war is a negative thing that we should avoid. There is also the matter of what good can come from war, in the West and in Afghanistan.

In Afghanistan, the situation is dire, as Mr. Jug noted. Infrastructure and development have been devastated by decades of conflict. People's lives are focused primarily on survival, and food is rare and starvation a constant threat. Generally, they have nothing left to lose.

And in the West? Here, technology is triumphant over nature, infrastructure is substantial, and food is plentiful. In fact, we have reached a level of consumerism where people no longer have to endure the ordeal of going to the supermarket to buy their food (let alone actually having to grow or hunt it), with the heroic people at grocery gateway allowing people constant access to a wondrous variety of food without leaving the comfort of home. Survival is far from the minds of most people (save the millions in poverty that the media constantly forgets), and instead the focus is on a variety of amazingly trivial events. We live a life that billions can scarcely dream of, and yet we constantly have to escape our own lives. We escape to the lives of characters in films and novels, and most substantially to the world of television. We care about so many things that could not be more remote from our own lives because they are so empty, empty in spite of the multitude of opportunities that surround us.

"We barely remember who or what came before this precious moment," said Maynard James Keenan. Indeed, life was not always like this in the West. Our grandparents survived a seemingly hopeless depression, and went on to fight the greatest evil humankind has even known. It gave their lives purpose and meaning, and afterward, there could be no doubt as to their having earned a return to 'normal' life. We have inherited everything they fought for, and yet we can do nothing constructive with it. We should be concerned with growing as people so that we can contribute to society and civilization, to give something back since we have taken so much in our twenty or so years. Instead, we are so concerned with individual happiness that entertainment is treated as a right, while nothing is accepted in regard to responsibility. Do young people, complaining about the immaterial, drinking themselves stupid, 'partying', and fucking because they are bored with having everything, really owe nothing to society? I think they do. People in the West have little more to lose in war than do any other people in the world. To think that Western lives are more valuable than any others is to engage in the self-deception that plagues our worldview.

We have lived our lives passively, watching the weather change for too long. The youth of the Western world will not have their empty and meaningless lives upset by war. On the contrary: their lives will finally gain meaning. No longer will they be concerned with constantly changing love interests, fictional characters they do not have the courage to be, or how they compare to the media's ideal conception of their gender. They will finally have a purpose, something to strive for that will be their legacy to future generations. Young men can flood the troop trains to finally fight and live and die for something meaningful. Women (as society's parochialism dictates) can rush to the armament factories and auxiliary forces, contributing just as considerably to the war effort. Both will understand themselves and the world better when it is all over. They will appreciate what they have lost and what they have gained. It is said that war is the only way to save a generation from the decay that otherwise possesses them, but it is a sad truth of today and the new world that we in the West have awoken in after September 11th.

And so, I believe that North America should go to war, whatever the costs, and fight until the unconditional surrender of our enemies is achieved. We have been at peace too long, and have ceased to appreciate how precious life is. It may seem contradictory to advocate war and believe in the preciousness of life, but what could make that preciousness more clear? The way we live our lives and regard the 'other' five billion people on the planet, we cannot think so much of the value of life that we are opposed to war. The people of Afghanistan too can benefit from war, as a new regime that is more humane and tolerant could surely replace the Taliban, once it is defeated.

True enough, the enemy is not as vile, and the evil nowhere near as great, but it is the evil of our time. We cannot defeat the enemies of the past again, so we will have to subsist with the enemy of the present, even if it is an incredibly smaller threat. Just as we think of ourselves as more important compared to society than those before us, this new war will be more about our victory than defeating the enemy.

It should be clear that the youth of today need more of a stimulus to grow as people than has been provided in the last two decades of the 20th century. Perhaps then we will find that we are all capable of much more. Two powerful catalysts for the widespread personal growth of the members of a society are war and revolution. This is not the time of revolution, which can advance both individuals and whole societies. But it seems to be the time for war, which is our next best opportunity.



Kautsky Prepares For War

Violence And Humanity

JENNIFER SCOTT

I attended my great-aunt's funeral a few months ago. I was not terribly close to her, however a numbing sadness rested with me long after her death. Now, when I think about it, I can reconcile my feelings on her death; she was elderly and very ill. Any death is a terrible occasion, yet when death is not natural and occurs by the hands of another the situation becomes horrific. Unfortunately, the in-your-face media age we live in has placed a thick cover of desensitization over our eyes, and blinded us to the harsh realities of the violence that exists in our world today.



If you want to pinpoint who is to blame for all the violence in society, throw a rock - you'll hit someone who's guilty. We are the ones who sit back and watch the world engage in the mass production of weapons, and keep watching as access to these weapons increases. We are the ones who listen as those with a tainted perception of reality gain huge and dangerously devoted followings. And we are the ones who tune in to watch the up-to-the-minute footage of violence breaking out around the world. I watched dumbfoundedly as the media plowed right in after the Colorado shootings, not missing a single teardrop, interviewing the dead children's parents and televising the funerals. My stomach churned as reporters and journalist crept around like disgusting vultures looking for corpses, exploiting, filming, and serving it to us in an endless display of human stupidity.

I watched as the World Trade towers crumpled to the ground on September 11th, and prayed that for once the news media would have the dignity to show respect for the dead. And yet the finger pointing began once there was no more grotesque footage to twist and taint. Man's greatest fear is chaos; it is unthinkable to imagine that thousands of people had died with no, as of yet, reason offered. After the Colorado shootings, the media pointed to modern day entertainment as the motivation for the killings. Highly violent movies such as *The Basketball Diaries*, video games among the likes of Doom, and the persuading lyrics of artists such as Marilyn Manson were concluded to be the influences that caused those boys to commit such horrible acts. The terrorist acts committed against the United States have caused fingers to point in all directions, with no real cause being determined.

Have we forgot the fact that primitive man needed no inspiration or cause to commit cold-blooded murder? The day that Cain bashed his brother's brains out - did he just finish listening to Manson's 'Mechanical Animal?' Obviously not. The only motivation present was his human predisposition to violence.

Christianity, on the whole, has given us vivid images of death and sexuality. In fact, our entire culture is based around them. A half naked dead man is displayed around our necks, in our homes, and in our places of worship and we simply take it for granted.

Now, in the after shock of these horrific events, our focus turns to prevention; but how is prevention possible? We are blessed with living in a free and somewhat democratic country, however that freedom dictates that some personal responsibility rests with us. Rather than trying to teach a society what is morally right and wrong, you can establish for it laws to govern our world and maintain a semblance of peace. I've always maintained that you can escape Hell by not believing in it, but you cannot escape death or prison.

In recent history we have seen the invention of a bomb whose sole purpose is to destroy humankind. We've heard accounts of inhumane war crimes. We've seen the murdered bodies of national heroes splattered across our television sets. Society has not become more violent, only more televised. (Do you really think the Civil War was civil?) The problem lies in our failure to recognize human instinct and tendency. Human nature is violent. We should not cast the blame anywhere but upon ourselves.

Jennifer Scott, who in the editor's view bares a remarkable resemblance to Jackie Onassis, is an Innis student majoring in Criminology.

Corporate Paymasters, Moneypower, and Other Topics

STEVEN JUG

For those readers wondering what other important events took place in the month of September, Premier Mike Harris and the provincial government, made some major announcements regarding the future of the Greater Toronto Area. The two major sources of public transit in the GTA, GO and the TTC, received long-overdue funding commitments from the provincial government, which will ideally be matched by the federal government and the municipal governments involved. For those with any doubt as to the value or necessity of public transit generally and funding increases specifically, take a ride up the CN Tower and look at the blanket of smog that hangs over the city. It was worse in the summer, but it is still a problem now. Only the most ignorant among you will argue that automobile traffic is not largely responsible for the smog, but how much can be expected from the most ignorant among you?

The provincial government has promised \$3 billion in transit funding over the next 10 years, with the expectation that the federal and municipal governments will each provide another \$3 billion. This is incredibly good news for both GTA residents and the cash strapped transit systems. The new money will allow for maintenance and expansion of both GO and TTC lines over the next ten years, which is needed to meet increasing demand as the population

continues to grow. The only remaining concern is the assurance of the federal government to provide its share in the funding, as it will examine the province's proposal before making a commitment.

More people using transit means fewer people using cars, and fewer cars means less pollution. An increase transit funding is essentially a move away from encouraging socially and environmentally



Harris is not doing what he said he would do. It is that simple.

damaging urban sprawl, which the government has freely done during its six years in power. Public transit is an essential part of building a sustainable community, something the Harris government has never been concerned with. This new funding commitment is a reversal of previous government policy, which effectively strangled public transit in the GTA. The government's recent action is an attempt to right the wrongs of its transportation policy for the past six years. Hopefully, voters will have sufficient memories to realize that this funding promise should have been made three years ago. Mike Harris hopes you will forget.

Unsurprisingly, the news produced by the Harris government this month was not all good. The recent announcement of tax cuts as a means of stimulating the economy is both ineffective and irresponsible. With the announcement of massive new spending on transit and a declining economic situation in the US, the basis of Ontario's prosperity, the lost revenues from a tax cut do not seem like something the province can afford. The fact that provincial taxes are not preventing consumers from spending or corporations from expanding is unsurprisingly lost on the ideologue premier, who has never been concerned with the effects his policies produce, as long as they can be portrayed well by his spin doctors. The poverty Harris has promoted through action and inaction over the past six years is not going to be mitigated by tax cuts, but poverty has never been a cause for concern to the premier.

The government's environmental record is a cause for concern (as it always has been), because the provincial environment commissioner has recently brought to light the deceptions perpetrated by the government in regard to its environmental policy. Promises it has made in regard to waste imports, improving air quality, new drinking water rules, and protecting environmentally sensitive provincial land from development have all been broken. Harris is not doing what he said he would do. It is that simple. If any of this upsets you, you can wait until the next election in 2003 or so, or you can take action on October 16th and help OCAP shut down Bay Street. The provincial government needs to be held accountable for its deceptions, abuses of power, and unresponsive government. Voting is not the only means of political action in a democracy.